HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is writing a new story, which he compares to the "Caxtons" and "My Novel." We have made arrangements with him for publishing it in the columns of this journal. The first number will appear in the course of next month, and it will be continued till it is completed, each number appearing here simultaneously with its publication in England. We congratulate our readers on the prospect. A new work by Bulwer is perhaps the noblest intellectual treat that can be offered to a person of refined and cultivated taste.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of more than *Sixty Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

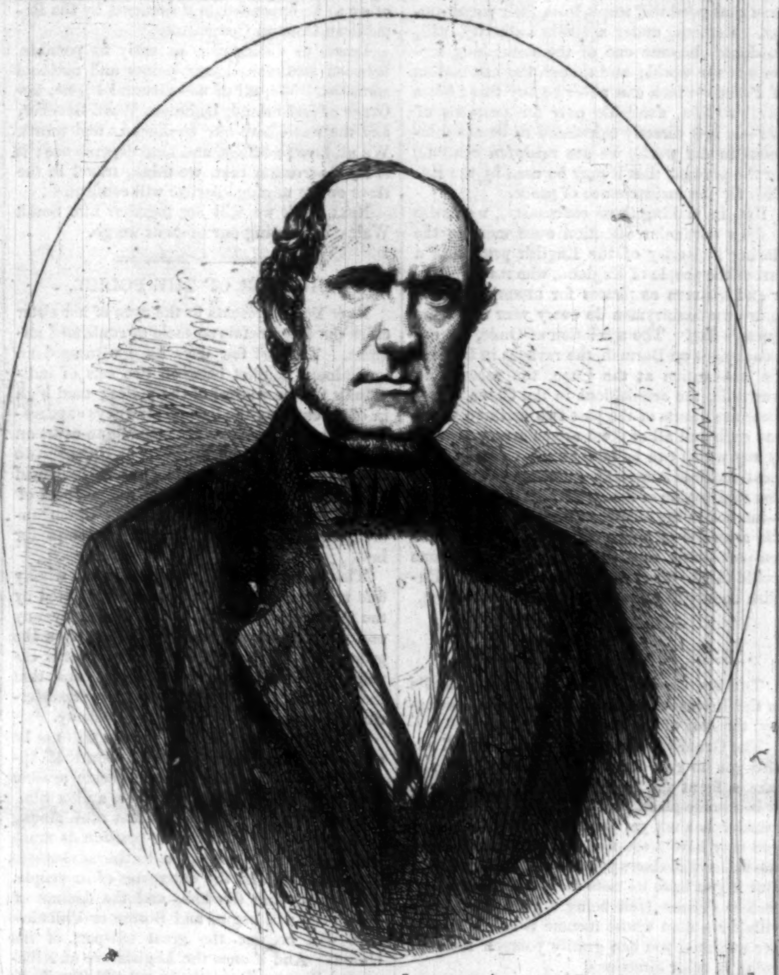
The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND ITS NEW GOVERNOR.

OUR New England friends will be glad to see a portrait of the new Governor of New Hampshire, and a view of the fine old town of Concord.

Had we a record of the career of the races which preceded us in the possession of this continent, the site of Concord—"the Plantation of Pennacook"—would be a famous place. For it was the home and the stronghold of a great nation—the Pennacooks. For centuries, perhaps, it was their metropolis and their strong fort, the place where their great war-councils were held, and the refuge to which they fled when the enemy pressed them beyond endurance. Could the earth and stones tell their story, we should doubtless hear of many a grave council held there, and many a wise discussion on the probable intentions and prospective fate of the bold pale-faces who were creeping up the Merrimac, even to the lair of the red warriors. We should learn the terrible story of that fearful fight when the Mohawks and the Pennacooks voided their feud in mutual slaughter—the crippled conquerors scarcely less ruined than the defeated invaders.

Massachusetts granted the place to some of her citizens in 1725, and in the following year a commencement of civilization was made in the laying out of town lots. A meeting-house and "house of defense" were the first constructions of the early settlers. Like the Greeks who laid out a temple and an acropolis before they thought of private houses, the New Englanders concerned themselves about their spiritual welfare and their everlasting feud with the Indians long before sowing and building. One of the first houses built—the residence of the clergyman, Walker—is still standing. The first native of Concord—a girl named Dorcas Abbott—was born here in 1728.



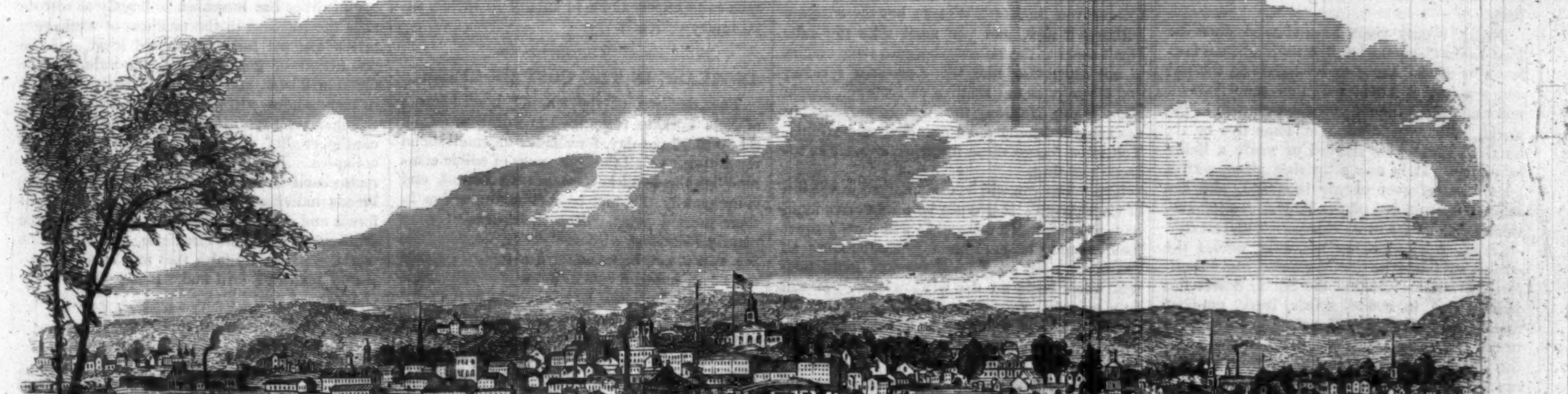
HON. WILLIAM HAILE, GOV. OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—[DAGUERRE'D BY BROWN, OF CONCORD, N. H.]

The history of Concord is that of every small town. Peculiarly exposed, from its situation, to attacks from the Indians of Canada, it suffered more than its share of miseries during the wars which followed 1744. The capture of Mrs. Jonathan Eastman, the massacre of Bradley and his men, and numberless attacks on the settlers in the neighborhood, prevented the youth of Concord from growing up in ignorance of the principles of scientific self-defense. They were trained by the Indians for the great war in which they were destined to take so prominent a share. The history of the struggle which preceded the defeat and surrender of Burgoyne testifies to the merit of their experience.

At the time of the Revolutionary struggle the old town of Exeter was the head-quarters of the Independent Government. It was there the famous riot took place, and the famous and effective cry of "Bring out the artillery, then!" was uttered. Many a house and tree there could bear witness to dreadful Indian struggles and shocking massacres. In historical prestige it had the advantage over Concord and every other town in the State. But Concord, with its lovely Merrimac and convenient position, with its solid men and smiling country, with every prospect of future progress and advancement, and every charm that could tempt the settler—Concord won the day, and, in 1806, became the seat of Government.

It has since thriven wonderfully. In the course of the last fifteen years alone, the increase of population has been 150 per cent. The public buildings—the new Court-house, the State-house, the Prison, the Asylum for the Insane, etc.—would do credit to New York; and the private residences are manorial. They are proud of their old families at Concord. There are Walkers, and Bradleys, and Rolfes, and Eastmans there, who still live on the sites occupied by their forefathers a century since, and before that; the rise in the value of property has made most of them rich; they are not tormented by the thirst of wealth which destroys the sweet ties of tradition here; they live and die on the dear old spot, breathing the same air, loving the same trees, walking by the side of the same old river as their forefathers before them, and lay their bones under the sod which covers four or five generations of ancestry.

The visitor to Concord at the present day is, of course, taken to see the office of Ex-President Pierce, as the greatest lion in the place. There is nothing in it which may not be seen in any narrow street in New York; nor indeed does the average citizen feel any remarkable emotion at the spectacle. Perhaps when President Pierce has been dead half a century or so, our children may regard his domicile more reverently. The Walker mansion, on whose steps the venerable Timothy Walker intoned his "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," on hearing of the surrender at Yorktown, is a more interesting sight; and the Rumford estate can not be viewed without a grateful remembrance of that strange character



CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

who, born an American citizen, bred a British soldier, gained fame throughout the world as a Bavarian Count, and, finally, died an English Knight. The Insane Hospital partly owes its existence to the munificence of his wife, Timothy Walker's daughter, the Countess of Rumford.

That rare being, the sentimental traveler, will, however, dwell with more pleasure on the beauties of nature in and around Concord than on the works of man. Surely no lovelier spot adorns the world. To see the Merrimac on an autumn evening, with the yellow and purple leaves drifting down its bright bosom, the little hills just serving to break the monotony of the plain, and the bright roofs framed in a rear ground of foliage—here and there an old New England farmer winding o'er the lea with his team, and some bright equipage serving to remind the stranger that this is no land of poverty—to glance at the quaint old houses which seem so well to harmonize with the ancestral trees and the uncouth granite knobs protruding here and there—to people the scene with the manly, healthful forms of the purest family of the old New England type—this is a pleasure which few landscapes can afford.

We may well envy Mr. Haile his official term at Concord, and the pride of being the first magistrate of so fine a commonwealth. The office which he fills has numbered among its incumbents some distinguished names. The list of Colonial Governors contains old Richard Waldron, memorable by his cruel death; the crazy Earl of Bellamont; cunning Joseph Dudley; poor Samuel Shute; Simon Bradstreet, and the Wentworths; and since the confederacy no less personages than John Sullivan, Benjamin Pierce, William Plumer, and Levi Woodbury.

Like most of the eminent men of this country, Mr. Haile is a self-made man. He was born at Putney, in Windham County, Vermont, some fifty years ago. The son of poor parents, his school education was slender; for a time there was a prospect of his studying medicine, but this becoming impossible, he entered a store as clerk, and worked his way into mercantile life. A timely loan from his father and friends enabled him to commence business on his own account when he was twenty. Industry and integrity brought their own reward. After twenty years' steady labor he was reputed wealthy, and his fellow-townsmen at Hensdale were glad to find him willing to represent them in the State Legislature. For some ten years he was a member either of that body or of the Senate. In 1855, he was chosen President of the State Senate; and now, at the last election, Governor of the State.

Mr. Haile is a manufacturer of woolens and cashmerettes, and occupies a high position in the industrial community. Though a decided partisan in politics, his affable manners and kindly disposition have made him a favorite with all parties; and no former governor has had a better opportunity of making himself useful and popular than the Hon. William Haile will have.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 30, 1857.

THE LAST INSTANCE OF BRITISH FILIBUSTERISM.

The same English papers which shriek at the bare idea of an occupation of the Isthmus of Panama by United States troops in the interest of the commerce of the world, contain the announcement of the annexation of the island of Perim to the dominions of the East India Company. Perim is a small island in the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, commanding the entrance to the Red Sea, and possessing a land-locked harbor capable of sheltering a fleet of ships of the line.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the East India Company availed itself of some lawless acts of the Arabs to lay hands on the fort and sea-port of Aden. At that time it was a miserable place, under the worst climate in the world, with a population of some five or six hundred souls, who starved or made a living by piracy. It is now a thriving place, with a population of over twenty thousand, and has latterly become one of the largest coaling stations for the East India Company's steamers.

From Aden, looking westward across the straits, stretches the Somal country and Southern Abyssinia. Behind the Somal desert lies Harar, rich in coffee, spices, ivory, precious metals, and cloth. With proper securities for trade, and some stable authority on the coast, this country could be developed to a very remarkable commercial activity. To afford such securities, and to establish such authority, was the problem the East India Company set before itself ten or twelve years ago. Several expeditions, with a view to exploration, were dispatched from time to time to the African coast. Of these the most notable was that conducted by Lieutenant Burton, whose work on Harar has just been published. The expedition achieved a double purpose; it indicated where and how the problem could be solved, and it afforded a pretext for armed negotiation with the semi-Arab tribes inhabiting that section of the African coast. At Berbera, two years since, a party of English travelers were attacked by the Somali, and a brave young officer killed. On this the Company acted. An adequate force was dispatched to the coast, and a conference between the African chiefs and the Company's representatives held at Aden. What the arguments used were we are left to conjecture; experience teaches that the East India Company is not blind to the merits of a judicious mixture of menace and corruption. At any rate, a treaty was made and ratified; and by that treaty the sovereignty of the island of Perim was ceded to the Company, while the British vessels were constituted the supreme police of the flourishing sea-port of Berbera on the African coast. We imagine, though this is not stated, that this police jurisdiction will be found on a pinch to imply actual dominion.

It would be idle to argue that, according to the law of nations, the English were not justified either in seizing Perim, or in assuming control of the waters of Berbera. Nobody, even in England, pretends to assert that they were. The policy of the British Government is and can only be justified by reference to the right of the strongest, and on the clear probability that ultimate good will flow out of the temporary injustice inflicted on the despoiled races.

We do not, for our part, propose to go out of our way to censure the despoilers. We believe that good will result from their wrong-doing. Berbera, under a stable authority, will, no doubt, become one of the flourishing seaports of the world; and though the annexation of Perim—which can never be any thing but a naval station, available only for purposes of war—is less directly calculated to be advantageous to the world, we are ready to concede, for the present, that it may be used by the English for the maintenance of peace.

But, in making these concessions, we desire to draw particular attention once more to the glaring hypocrisy of the English press and a part of the people of England, who revile Walker and his men as pirates for attempting what their own countrymen do every year under the Queen's flag. The spoliation of Oude, the encroachment on Burmah, the ravages in Borneo, the annexation at the Cape, the seizures in Australia, the acquisitions in the China seas—these are events of the past two or three years, and each and all of them are as arrant piracies as any which can be laid to the charge of the most reckless American filibuster. The ruthless subjugation of the Arab races of East Africa—implied in the seizure of their stronghold, and the assertion of police control over their chief sea-port—fitly caps the list, and ought—one would think—to close the mouth of every English enemy to filibusterism for years to come.

MORE HINTS ON TRAVELING.

The best view of English country does not lie in the Liverpool Park, not even out at Knowsley, the seat of the Derbys.

The Grundys, who travel by system, will advise you to run down to Chester by rail, and take a fly at the Royal Hotel for Eaton Hall. It is a noble place, and if the Marquis of Westminster has not yet come down from London, you may have a sight of rare paintings (paying the butler who shows you through half-a-crown). But if you have no taste for paintings or architecture (Eaton Hall being a good model of a villa for a man whose income is half a million per annum), you can gratify yourself more by going in other directions.

Never go to see any thing simply for the sake of saying you have seen it; what is not worth more, is worth very little. It is a base fashion of travel—very showy, like a peacock's feather, but easily draggled.

There was a time, not many years back, when you could ride upon a coach from Liverpool to Caernarvon, in North Wales; but the coach is withdrawn now, and you must take the rail. Don't sneer at the railways because their system is not altogether like the American system; don't condemn the English as ignorant people because you can't buy the *New York Herald* in the cars, or lozenges, or oranges, or pea-nuts. You must forego these luxuries, as well as tobacco chewing.

Ten to one you will be disappointed in the inn of Caernarvon; it will not be four stories high, with a porch and a gong. It will have a squat look, mouldy walls (without), small rooms, no spittoons, and no young country gentlemen with their heels on the window-sills. It will be very quiet, very clean; and if you clamber over the ruins of the castle in the morning, your dinner of roast mutton, cauliflower, and plum-pudding (only that), will be very relishable.

If there be no pudding, the waiter may say, inquiringly, "Sweets, Sir?" Don't be embarrassed by the waiter; say Yes, and learn what sweets are. He will bring you a dish of tarts, or comfits. Eat them thankfully.

And when your bill appears next morning, running this way—

Tea	1s. 6d.
Bed	3s. 0d.
Lights	1s. 0d.
Toddy	0s. 6d.
Breakfast	2s. 6d.
Fly	4s. 0d.
Soda Water	0s. 6d.
Dinner	3s. 0d.
Sweets	1s. 0d.

do not express contempt for the British nation, when you compare their method with our magnificent two-dollar system. Consider that every country has its own habits, and that the keeper of the Caernarvon inn has probably never traveled in Ohio or Western New York. Commiserate him, if you will; but treat him kindly, and pay his bill.

Of course you will go to see the great Tubular Bridge, which is not a long way from Caernarvon. Naturally it will seem to you an inferior thing to the High Bridge, but do not reproach your guide with its defects; he was not the constructor. Reserve your suggestions for the ear of Mr. Stephenson.

Don't forget, in this neighborhood, the quarries of Welsh slate. Observe how neatly the refuse material is wrought into little turreted walls about the meadows and pasture-grounds. Consider if there is not something rurally artistic in this disposition, and worth teaching to the wall-layers at home. Go, if you will, into the cottages of these miners, and learn that our negroes are not the only people who live upon earthen floors. Do not exult in this discovery, and write an indignant letter home about the Duchess of Sutherland and Mrs. Stowe: it will be lost labor. Restrain your sentiment, and cultivate charity. Give a sixpence to the miner's wife, and (if a strong partisan) inclose another to be expended in documents by the Republican General Committee.

Learn to distinguish, as early as possible, between sentimental start-points and national statistics. We, all of us—General Pierce, her Grace of Sutherland, Quitman, Ward Beecher, and the rest—have our weaknesses and wants. We all love puddings, and hate dependence; it is an observation that, we think, travel in the slave or the mining districts will confirm.

Next week we will jog together into South Wales, continuing our hints as we go.

THE WAR OF THE POLICE.

New York presents to the eyes of her sister cities the disgraceful spectacle of confirmed anarchy. The last few days have witnessed an ignominous conflict between two sets of individuals for the control of the police; men high in office entering the lists as attorneys of peace-breakers; a Mayor vainly striving to avert an open conflict with deadly weapons between two sets of guardians of the public peace; hardened politicians making merry over the prospect of the subjugation of the city; every where anarchy, confusion, disorder, and contempt for law.

That this disgraceful state of things is wholly due to the shameless usurpation attempted by the Albany Legislature is not denied by any one. Those who like it best defend it on the ground that the people of the city are not capable of taking care of themselves, and that their interests will be best served by transferring the municipal government to Albany.

The issue of the pending contest will not be reached by the judgment of the Court of Appeals, in case that court should decide against the Mayor and in favor of the new authorities.

New York has reached the first rank among American cities. It owes its position as much to its municipal freedom as to the advantages of its position and the enterprise of its people. Take away that freedom, and the decline of New York will begin, and Boston or Philadelphia will become the great sea-port of the Union. And if once the Legislature at Albany can dispose of our money to build City Halls for us, or lay out Parks, or can control our police, or can vest in the Governor magisterial authority over the city, or can perform any other municipal function, our whole civic freedom will be gone.

We do not deem so lightly of our fellow-citizens as to expect them to submit to such a fatal injury patiently.

INCREASE IN THE COST OF LIVING.

The decision of the leading hotel-keepers of New York to raise the price of board from $2 50 to $3 per day, foreshadows a small social revolution. Of all the consumers of edible commodities the hotel-keepers are the largest, and consequently the first to feel a fluctuation in their market price. But their interest is so plainly identified with the cause of cheap living, that it may be taken for granted they would not throw impediments in the way of the extension of their business, by an increase in the price of board, were it at all possible to thrive without it. The inference is obvious: the expense of living is twenty per cent. higher than it was three years ago, when the present hotel rates were established.

It becomes us, as sensible people, and not wedded to this or that intractable theory, to give some sober thought to a phenomenon which is vital to four out of every five families. An increase of twenty per cent. in the cost of living means a prodigious amount of suffering and privation among the poor. It involves retrenchment among a large class of persons with fixed incomes, who have been accustomed to conveniences which must now be dispensed with. It implies, for instance, an alteration in the plans of many fathers respecting the education of their children.

The period which elapsed between 1842 and 1851 was one of the happiest and best in the history of this country. Thanks to the shock of 1837, caution and moderation were the rule of commerce, and a prudent economy the maxim of social life. The country did a sound, profitable trade; and individuals, as a rule, lived within their incomes. After 1851, when the yield of California gold became tolerably certain, the rapid rise of fortunes effected a change. Men whose highest aspirations had never exceeded the acquisition of a modest competency, found themselves on the high road to the rank of millionaires, and the public at large shared their sanguine hopes, often without sharing their prospects. A capacity to export fifty millions per annum in bullion enabled the country to import fifty millions more of foreign dry goods and luxuries. The sudden influx of population into California opened a new and immensely profitable market for the products of the Atlantic States. What with these two causes—increased production of money, and increased demand for produce—the profits of trade were vastly enlarged, and every kind of enterprise received a startling impetus. Building was prosecuted on a princely scale. Railroads were laid out and constructed with a large profusion of which the world had seen no previous example. Manufactures, industry, internal communication, agriculture, were all developed as if by hot-house pressure. The country has made more progress, a[illegible] whole, since 1850, than in any twenty-five years before that date.

This is the bright side of the medal. Let us look at the reverse. Sudden fortunes and speedy gains bred rash expenditure and thoughtless extravagance. Families which were esteemed liberal with an expenditure of $3000, before 1850, now spend $10,000 without compunction. People in "our best society" can not live under $20,000 a year. How much of this goes for silks, satins, laces, fine wines, yachts, costly furniture, idle days at Saratoga, and such waste, every reader can estimate for himself. Hence a general wastefulness, stretching from the apex to the base of society, and a morbid demand for commodities which ought never to be needed in a community like ours.

But there is another point to be considered. Within the last seven years over six hundred millions of dollars in gold have been added to the currency of the world, partly by California and partly by Australia. Economists differ widely in their estimate of the currency of the world; perhaps a majority of the most reliable among them admit that the amount of gold added since 1850 is equal to one-fourth the total amount previously in circulation. Now as gold has been adopted, by common consent, as a measure of value, it follows that if you increase the quantity of gold in use, every commodity which is usually exchanged for gold must increase in value in proportion. If land is worth $5 an acre when the quantity of dollars in existence is $2,000,000,000, it will be worth $6 25 when that quantity becomes $2,500,000,000; and so on with houses, rents, labor, breadstuffs, groceries, and every thing merchantable. We have said that twenty-five per cent. has been added to the quantity of circulating gold since 1850; it follows that the price of every thing that is exchanged for gold is, or ought to be, twenty-five per cent. higher now than it was before 1850.

There are those who pass over this branch of the subject, and dwell wholly on the prevailing extravagance and expansion of public and private credit to account for the present increase in the cost of living. These reasoners expect a financial revulsion, similar in character to that of 1837, to set all straight, and bring matters to their old level. The facts hardly bear out this view. Until the production of merchantable commodities has increased so largely as to balance the increase in the medium of exchange, prices can not fall to their old level. If the production of gold falls off, the value of the metal will rise, and that of its representatives in merchandise will fall. Undue expansion in the shape of State, railway, banking, and mercantile credits, will rectify itself by individual collapses. Rash speculation in real estate corrects itself every few years. Extravagance breeds individual ruin. But so long as California and Australia continue to add a hundred millions a year to the circulating medium of the world, we have no faith that any local or temporary revulsion will make living permanently cheaper.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

In another column of this paper there will be found a story which ought to make us blush for our civilization. Eugene Grelet, a Frenchman, confined on an unproven charge of being implicated in the robbery of securities from the Northern Railway of France, died in the Eldridge Street Jail last week, from diseases mainly engendered by distress of mind. However guilty his friends may be, there was no evidence against him; he was indeed offered his liberty on the condition that he should abstain from prosecuting the Railway Company for false imprisonment; but this he refused to do. Persisting in his obstinacy, he was confined week after week and month after month in a room in the tenement house called the "Eldridge Street Jail." Fourteen beds were placed in the room, which is nine feet by twenty-eight, and which is only ventilated by a small window opening above and below, and a hole lately cut in the door. After this, the less we say about the Black Hole of Calcutta the better.

CHAT.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

We reckon the National Academy among the friends of our youth. Where else than in its cozy galleries did the Young New York of our reminiscence find more convenient or agreeable rendezvous, sanctioned, too, by the "strictest propriety," with admired objects of attraction not catalogued or numbered in its annual list of novelties? Where else did our juvenile devotion to loveliness find fitter shrine than before that radiant beauty, Inghamized in blue satin and point lace, which we remember, even now, transfixed us at the most susceptible period of our life, and held us enchained for hours on a contiguous ottoman, while the thought that we held no other clew to the fair original except that tantalizing "Portrait of a Lady," drove us to the borders of despair. The lady in question is now probably "fat and forty," and the portrait is no doubt regarded by a large family circle as looking very much like her eldest daughter, and by the eldest daughter as showing "what Ma was when she was young."

Notwithstanding, when we went into the Exhibition of the present year, a few days ago, we almost imagined that it was one of the old Clinton Hall collections of fifteen years ago reassembled. The same respectable female who took our fifty cents and wrote our name on a season ticket in that remote antiquity, presided over the small change and catalogues at the door, apparently unconscious of the great changes which had intervened in the mean time; and when we stepped inside the gallery, it seemed as if the identical gentlemen and ladies who then leveled their gaze at us from the four walls, were still hanging in the old spots in all their gilt; there was the very same picture which we always used to take for a waterfall in the distance, but which, on nearer inspection, always proved to be a cascade of flounces or brocade, and the very same unfortunate little boys and girls—painted from Nature, and as far from it as possible—who excited our sympathies on behalf of their papas and mammas in those old times that we are talking about.

But this Rip Van Winkle uncertainty was suddenly dispelled by finding ourselves in the presence of no less than two "counterfeit presentments" of such an unmistakably present notoriety as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; and we straightway recovered from the illusion, and opened our catalogue.

We always admired the style of the criticism of which the daily press is redolent during the Exhibitions of the Academy, and of which we are on the look-out for some new specimens. Its strength lies in its numerical accuracy—every picture, from No. 1 to No. 550, being duly dusted off with the editorial fly-brush, and ticketed for immortality with three lines of panegyric, or turned to the wall with an equally elaborate condemnation. Whether the principle upon which it proceeds is that of praising every odd number and denouncing every even number we are uninformed; but, however this may be, we do not intend to enter into competition with it. If we attempted it we should very soon run out of those technical phrases of which the art-critic must start with a carpet-bag full, and which supply the place of common English and common sense.

There are some very good pictures in the Exhibition, and some very bad ones. We advise our readers to go and see them, and admire what pleases their fancy. If you know nothing about art, pray don't try to humbug the amiable being who may accompany you by dissertations on the subject; and if you can not, to save your life, tell a good picture from a poor picture, the safest course for you to pursue will be to abuse them all, for then you will be more than half right.

Apropos of native art, there is Thom's Washington, which was inaugurated a short time ago in its new position in the Park, in the presence of a handful of spectators, whose predominating sentiment seemed to be that of intense curiosity as to whom the statue was intended to represent. The prevailing opinion was in favor of General Worth as the original, one active observer offering to bet that it was nobody else. There is this advantage about the figure, that it answers equally well for any of our great men. Approached from Broadway, it conveys the idea that it is intended for Jefferson; viewed at an angle from the Beekman Street side, one supposes it will turn out to be Franklin; while in full front there is a wide field left for the patriotic imagination to christen it as it pleases.

EVERY POLICEMAN HIS OWN COURT OF APPEALS.

Policeman No. 3400, who adorns and protects a corner and street-crossing in our immediate vicinity, and has for the last five years displayed the most exemplary punctuality and fidelity in being at his post and against it, except on rainy days and on those emergencies when his services were particularly required, is now tossed on the cruelest of dilemmas—one horn being Mayor Wood and the police powers that be, and the other Mr. Superintendent Tallmadge and the police powers that want to be. He has unbosomed himself to us under the shadow of a neighboring apple-stand, and solicited our advice. He represents himself, to use his own expressive language, as an ass between two bundles of hay, as in imminent peril of coming to the ground between two stools, and as exceedingly anxious to know which way the cat is going to jump. He professes to be actuated by the purest patriotism, and declares that he knows no North, no South, no East, and no West in the matter, but would like to know what a fellow is to do in such a muddle as this, and repeats the assertion of his entire inability to form a conjecture which way the cat is going to jump. He says he tossed up a copper the other day—Matsell was heads and Tallmadge was tails—but it rolled into the gutter and stuck upright between two stones, and left him as much in the dark as ever. He is perfectly willing to take marching orders from either of the contending powers, or both, but is very much afraid he will get a walking-ticket from one or the other. How happy he could be with either were t'other dear charmer away! but as neither is disposed to retire, he remains in perplexity. One of the saddest features of the case is that No. 3400 has ceased to be an object of terror to the small boys of his beat. These enterprising subjects of police discipline have a quick eye for loose screws in the municipal machinery, and are disposed to be very facetious with reference to our friend's doubtful powers. One of them has recently exhibited him in chalk on the steps of a corner grocery in a state of decapitation; and he is in momentary apprehension of a formidable *émeute*, headed by a desperado of about thirteen years of age. We have advised our worthy guardian of the public peace that every man is supposed to know what the law is, and if there are two laws, he is supposed to know which is the right law; and if the Supreme Court decide one way, he is supposed to know which way the Court of Appeals will decide; and that his best course is to provide himself immediately with the eleven volumes of the Reports of that august tribunal, and devote his leisure to their perusal. This he is disposed to think rather hard on a fellow, and he doubts whether even this process will result in satisfying him as to which way the cat is going to jump. Any one who is sufficiently acquainted with the habits of the animal to form a conjecture will relieve a case of real distress by communicating them forthwith to Policeman No. 3400.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MIR(ROR)ABILE DICTU.

Dimes rushed into my room the other day, his face gleaming with delight.

"Ah! my boy," he cried, in a tone of exultation, "the *Mirror* has been pitching into you!"

"What is the *Mirror*?" I demanded, very innocently. "Is it a man or a steamboat?"

"Don't you know the *Mirror*? Why it's—it's—well, it's a newspaper, I suppose," stammered Dimes, evidently rather at a loss how to define his subject. "It comes out every afternoon, and devotes itself to public hotels and private entertainments."

"Then it's a sort of printed hotel bulletin. Ah! I see. Hotel-keeper's organ. Naturally incensed at my article. Princely proprietor gives humble editor the hint to abuse me. Have you the article about you, Dimes?"

"Here it is," said Dimes, looking rather disconcerted at my taking the matter so coolly; "it's awfully severe, I can tell you."

I confess I trembled when I read the title of this magnificent article. It ran in big letters, "American Hotels and American Snobocracy," and appeared in the edition of April 28th of the paper in question. I shook in my boots, I say, when I beheld this awful preliminary. I felt convinced that I was going to be called a snob. That I was to descend to the posterity of the nine millions of readers of the *Mirror* as a representative of that degraded class. My teeth chattered as I went on reading. In the third line of the article in question my writings are called "conglomerated mud" which "disgrace *Harper's Weekly.*" In the fourth line I am called a snob, as I anticipated, and immediately afterward I am accused of "dining on a shilling plate in Chatham Street," and picking my teeth "on the steps of a first-class hotel!"

What a master of satire this writer of the *Mirror* is! Junius has nothing finer than the phrase "conglomerated mud." What a pity that the circulation of such powerful writing should be so limited! But how the deuce does he know that I dine in Chatham Street? Does he dine there himself? I am sure he does not. Any man who can write such beautiful articles as the one before me can get his dinner any day for nothing at "a first-class hotel." Well, I confess that the *Mirror* man has found me out. I *do* dine in Chatham Street. But I asseverate most solemnly that I don't know what the plate cost. The *Mirror* says I dine "on a shilling plate." Now I generally pay one and sixpence for the meat, but it never struck me until now to ask the price of the plate on which it was served. I will inquire the next time. In the following paragraph, however, the *Mirror* man is in error. I don't pick my teeth. Eccentric as it may seem to the *Mirror* man, I keep a tooth-brush.

Having used me up for the time being in his first paragraph, the *Mirror* man proceeds to philosophize in the most elegant language on the hotel-keeper, as considered in relation to modern society. What a noble theme! In entering on his subject, the *Mirror* man "contends, and always has contended, that it requires more intellect, more taste, more tact, and more of all the essential qualities of a gentleman, to make a popular and successful hotel-keeper, than it does to gamble in stocks or to speculate in groceries."

How artfully is this managed! What a lofty pinnacle is the hotel-keeper placed on by contrast! It is as if one should say, I think it requires more polish, and taste, and tact, and education, and more *et ceteras*, to make a popular and successful scavenger than to sweep chimneys.

Then again, the *Mirror* man beautifully says, "if one's grandfather is only rotten in his grave, no matter whether he was a fishmonger, a tailor, a shoemaker, or a nigger-stealer, the heir-apparent to his fortune is welcomed to the scented saloons of Japonicadom, where *all the odors of the sire* are lost in *the golden aroma of the son.*"

There's metaphor! There's a play of fancy! Philosophy gilded with the most elegant phraseology, as apothecaries of delicate tastes gild their bitter pills. I declare this *Mirror* man writes so well, that, in justice to the Messrs. Harper, I feel that I ought instantly to surrender my place as Man about Town to him. It's not a bad place, and, if one knew how to manage the hotel-keepers, might be made to pay.

But please observe the splendid imagery of the above quoted paragraph. It opens with a powerful but unpleasant picture of an old gentleman, in a state of decomposition. It then, by a rapid transition, which shows the true artist, presents the son of the aforesaid old gentleman in the scented saloons of Japonicadom, wherever they may be. How they are scented we discover in the next line, which informs us that all the *odors of the sire* are lost in the golden aroma of the son.

But what is the golden aroma of which the *Mirror* man speaks? The odors of the sire, considering the state we left him in, must be any thing but delicate; what is this powerful aroma that overcomes them? Does gold usually smell? or is it simply a new perfume which some hair-dresser has invented, and which the *Mirror* man is puffing in the hope of catching an advertisement? There is, as he would say, a pecuniary aroma about it.

But it is too bad that the *Mirror* man should call me a snob. How does he know that I am a snob? Has he ever spoken to me? I will relate an anecdote for the benefit of the *Mirror* man.

A friend of mine won a bet of a supper at Newport two seasons ago, by going to a ball in a peculiar dress. The supper was a gay one; but the editor of the *Speculum*, a paper that, like the *Mirror*, devotes itself to hotel interests, was not invited by my friend. So what does the editor of the *Speculum* do, but in his correspondence from Newport alludes to the supper party, and says that the wine was bad!

Now how did he know that the wine was bad? He didn't drink any of it. What business had the *Speculum* man to write in a public newspaper about a private gentleman's wine?

As the man of the *Speculum* abused my friend's wine without having tasted it, so the *Mirror* man calls me a snob without knowing me. Ah! *Mirror* man, you are a terrible fellow when you get that mighty pen of yours between your fingers. Your arrows are all the more fatal because they are poisoned with bad grammar. That shilling plate will rankle in my bosom for years to come.

PICTURES CANVASSED.

Let no reader of *Harper's Weekly* be hereafter surprised if he finds me unamiable. I have become a *misanthropos*, or hater of men. From one of the most kindly of beings, I have been suddenly converted into an enemy of my species. A walk through the Academy of Design did it. Who could behold the innumerable "portraits of a gentleman" staring at him from the walls, and not be thoroughly sickened with the human face divine? That long perspective of Snookses and Joneses is enough to make a man's blood run cold. It is worse than a Daguerreotype Gallery, because there is less nature and the pictures are bigger. Who is the better for seeing Snooks and Jones on canvas, no matter how well painted they may be? What poetic revelation, what life-history, what divine lesson, is to be gathered from that placid, vulgar face; that mutton-chop whisker, that baked black dress-coat? That fat, simpering merchant may be precious to Mrs. Snooks, or that weazen-faced broker to Mrs. Jones; but what do I care for them? They teach me nothing. Wonderful may be the flesh—magnificently painted the hat—but let me fly from cylindrical beaver and chubby prosperity, and bury my face in the dewy clumps of Shattuck's grasses, listening to the coil of hidden springs that sing the songs of Nature; or let me stand with bare head and expanding chest upon one of Church's mountain-peaks, gazing over a billowy flood of hills; at my feet, torrents flashing, half-seen, through clouds; while from the rifted heavens the southern sunshine pours, like God's benediction, on my temples.

But, as the Turks say, "What will be will be." People *will* have their portraits painted, and artists *will* exhibit them. Between vanity on one hand, and mercantile speculation on the other, I suppose that it is now inevitable that the walls of the Academy shall, for all time, be delivered over to the mercies of portrait-painters. Let us accept our chastisement with becoming humility.

It is a matter of principle with me never to proceed through any gallery, museum, or collection, in the order set down in catalogues. I like to vagabondize, as it were, among pictures, wandering hither and thither with a butterfly will. The man who goes through a gallery in arithmetical order is capable of reading a newspaper from the first page to the last, without skipping an article.

Here in the fourth gallery, whither I first proceed, in the hope of seeing something of Darley's besides bank-note designs, I discover a name and a style new to me. A couple of sweet children's faces, and the spirited head of a boy, in chalk, make me to turn to 369 and 346 in the catalogue. I find that S. W. Rowse is the artist. I feel myself almost reconciled to portraits while I look on those fresh, youthful countenances. In 369 there is a spirituality about the eyes of the children that reminds me very strongly of that wonderful trio of children's heads by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that fades, year after year, in the National Gallery of London. Mr. Rowse's style is very tender and truthful, and he has obtained a fleshy effect that in such a medium as chalk is wonderful.

In the same room my eye next lights on 302—a child in miniature—by Miss M. L. Wagner. This is a hydrocephalic infant, apparently a copy of one of those little specimens of undeveloped humanity that doctors keep in bottles of brandy. No. 353 is a Study of a Pine, by J. H. Hill. I should have thought it was a study of a sea-weed. In No. 389, which is entitled Sleep, by S. Schuster, we have a curious representation in pastel of a female lying on a bed under the influence of chloroform, covered with a green coverlet, and having a newspaper wrapped round her head. A pen-and-ink drawing by Hoppin of a scene in Broadway—No. 380—has some merit, but is, on the whole, too hard and motionless. The grouping is good, but all the figures, except those of two dogs in the foreground, look as if they were petrified. The fore-leg of the dead omnibus-horse is out of drawing. Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Colyer contribute some good crayon heads to the walls of this room, and a Mr. C. Müller exhibits a very absurd group in silver entitled Falstaff and Henry V. The character may be judged from the fact that I was looking at it some time before I could discover which figure was meant for Falstaff.

There are three portraits in this Exhibition that deserve especial notice—232, Seroloo, by E. D. E. Greene (a portrait of the artist himself, I rather think), and Nos. 285 and 286, by C. L. Elliott. No. 286 is a portrait of an old lady, magnificent in tone and finish. The redundancy of red usually noticeable in Elliott's pictures is nowhere observable in this. Were it not for its freshness and transparency, it might pass for an old master. Mr. Greene's picture is very rich and subdued in color and tone. The pose of the head is particularly easy and unconstrained.

No. 459 is a portrait of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, by Mr. Hicks—a gentleman who, by some of his previous performances, entitled me to expect something better from his pencil. I remember a wonderful female head of his which was placed in what was called the Washington Gallery some years ago. The present picture does not justify such an antecedent. Independent of its being a bad likeness of a very well known character, the expression of the face is indescribably unpleasant. The background is flat and crude, and the flesh heavy, muddy, and doughy. Mr. Hicks has the talent to do better than this, and ought to do it. Far better, in every respect, is Mr. Pope's portrait of the same subject. He has given a good, spirited likeness, not very ideal or wonderful in execution, but still truthful, and possessing some vigor. Among the portraits I noticed a very good likeness of Mr. Prime—author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia"—in his Oriental costume, by F. Schlegel. The picture is very high in tone, perhaps a little too much so, particularly in the background; but the figure is well treated, and the garments are excellently painted. Mr. Cafferty contributes some excellent pictures, among which is a very good portrait of Mr. ——, a gentleman connected with the *Sunday Dispatch.*

Mr. Rossiter seems to have emptied his palette on the pictures which he contributes this season. No. 287 is a scene in front of an ideal post-office in some ideal city; for it is neither in London, Paris, nor New York. Winter is indicated by some problematical ice on the sidewalk, and all the figures in the picture, including their clothes, seem to have turned purple with the cold. A group of persons are hurrying toward a slit in the wall, over which is the appalling announcement that all letters must be posted before three. The people are apparently late. One woman, with an infant in her arms, is crying on the right-hand side—I suppose because it is too late to post the baby. A man is crying on the left-hand side—I presume because he has nothing to post. A young gentleman in a wonderful fur coat—such as Paul Brillant wears when he clanks through Hungarian dances—is, spite of the slippery state of the ground, pirouetting cheerfully down the steps, as if human beings never fell on the ice. If he falls, he will certainly split those tight trowsers of his. There is a pendant to this picture—the Country Post-Office—which I have neither room nor inclination to criticise. I am sorry to see that Mr. Rossiter's European and Asiatic travels have not improved his color or his drawing. From Italy and the East he seems to have brought back with him only the glare.

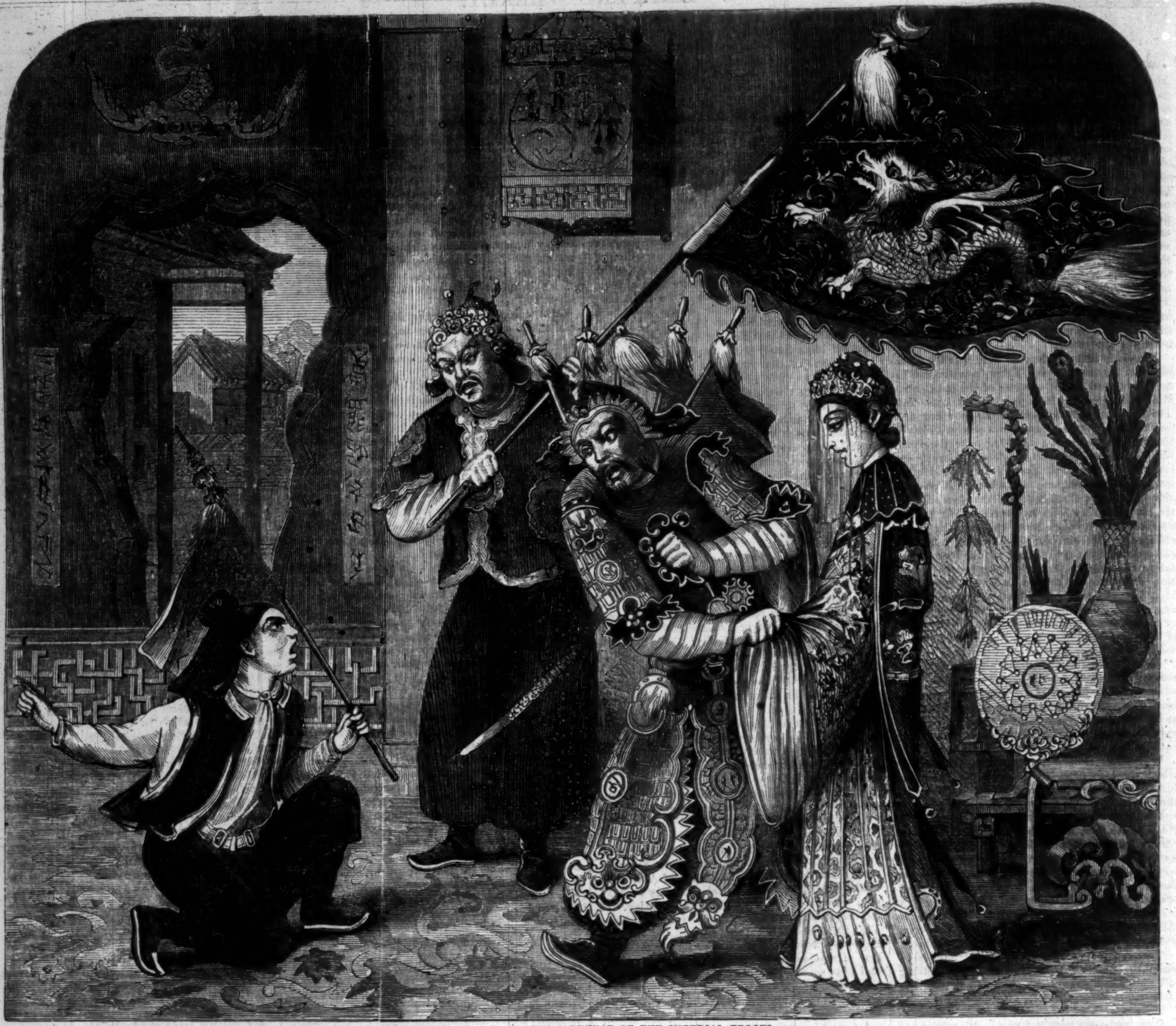
Mr. Page's picture of the Roman Mother and Child does not sustain his high reputation. It is black with opaque, smudgy shadows; and, though the color is rich, the figures have the effect of being seen through smoked glass. I do not know where the red light on the knees of the child comes from. It is too thick to be a reflected light. Has the mother's red gown been badly dyed, and stained the legs of her offspring? However badly drawn the figure of the child may be, the head is very fine, and is the only portion of the picture which reveals the power which Mr. Page undoubtedly possesses.

The Fountain, 40, and La Bouquetière, 88, are favorable specimens of Mr. William Hunt's style. This gentleman is a pleasing imitator of the style of Couture, the French artist. His deep tones and soft brown shadows are a relief to the eye, after it has wandered over the crude colors that glare in so many places from the walls of the Exhibition.

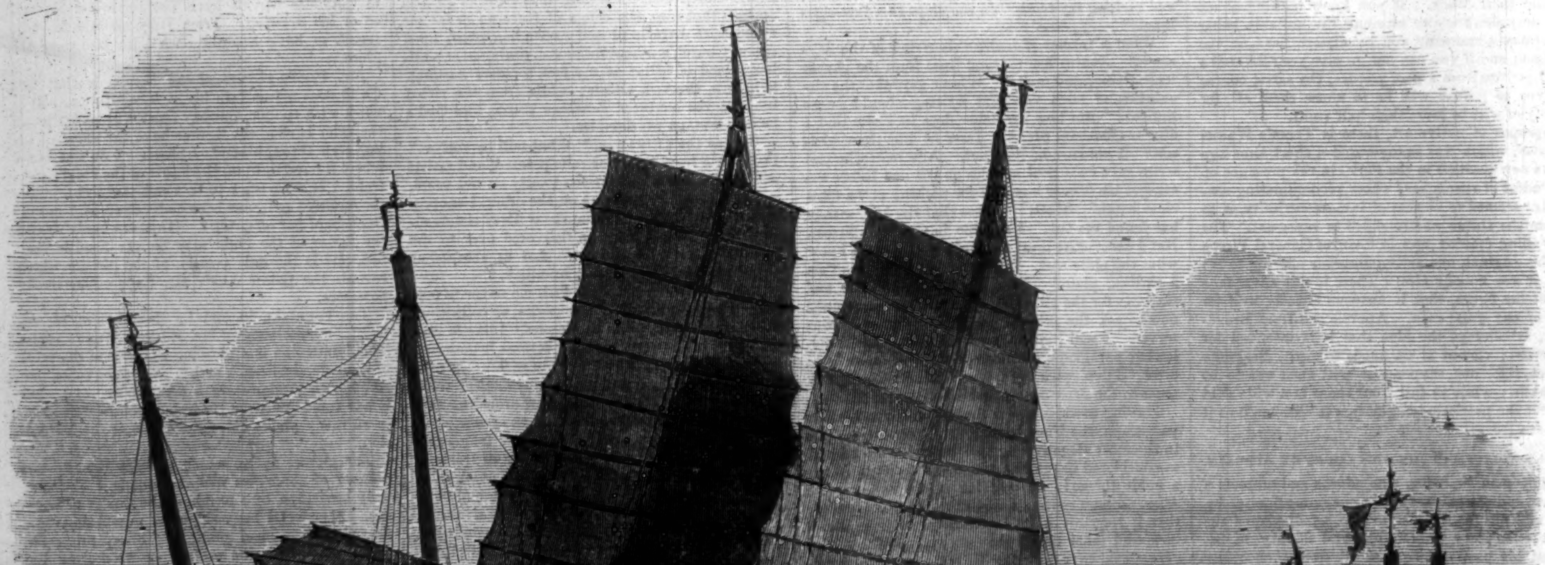
The picture before which perhaps the greatest number of art-critics will congregate is the masterly landscape, by Church, of the Andes of Ecuador. Wonderful hazy ridges of mountain-peaks, flooded with tropical sunlight. Sharp pinnacles, just tipped with the eternal snow, soaring like white birds to heaven. Vast, distant torrents, dashing over rocky ledges into bottomless ravines that gape for the silver waters. Faint gleams of tropical vegetation reddening the foreground, with all detail, all shape lost in the vastness of the gorges, but shedding a delicious neutral bloom over lonely places. Grandeur, isolation, serenity! Here there is room to breathe. One feels the muscles grow tense gazing over that great Alpine panorama.

Here that adamantine bar—the terror of all writers—namely, the end of the column, falls before me. Here I must stop—stop before I have said what I want to say about Huntington's excellent portraits, Shattuck's verdant Studies from Nature, Leutze's Rose of the Alhambra, Kensett's calm and dreamy landscapes. There is a hilly slope, in the first room, by this latter artist, on which I would like to dwell. It is full of breeze and sunshine. The cattle dotting that patch of sunlit grass, the distant copse sleeping in the calm air, are sweet to one who loves the fields as I love them.

But next week I will return to them all the more lovingly for my present deprivation.



ANNOUNCING TO A MANDARIN A DEFEAT OF THE IMPERIAL TROOPS.



CHINESE WAR JUNKS.

THE CELESTIAL CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE.

The military force of China is estimated at 800,000 men. The Chinaman is born a soldier. If the father belongs to the army, the son succeeds him; and the elder can retire to private ease only when the younger is ready to take his place. At fifteen the Chinese youth is considered fit food for powder. Rank in army and navy is hereditary. The admiral's son succeeds his sire in command of the Celestial fleets of war-junks with terrible and unpronounceable names. The general's son takes his turn to head the vast collection of ragamuffins, labeled on the back, "*ping*," soldier, and intended to scare the enemies of the Celestial Empire by vigorous exercise of their lungs.

In time of peace the soldier lives quietly at home, following his proper avocation of tailor, shoemaker, or what not. He receives a small annual compensation from the government, in return for which he is obliged to attend several grand reviews and sham fights each year.

These reviews, which are carried on by the Inspector-General of the imperial army, seem to be the most amusing performances imaginable. Due notice being given, the soldier artisan puts on a tunic, labeled before and behind with the word "soldier," in very large letters, and repairs to the place appointed. As for arms—he is left pretty much to follow the dictates of his own fancy; guns, bows, pikes, sabres, pitchforks, and saws fastened to long handles, being the queer variety from which to choose. Two articles, however, are indispensable upon this military review, a pipe and a fan. As regards umbrellas, in China, as in the city of New York, these warlike instruments seem to belong more especially to the officers.

The soldiers having been drawn up in battle array, a portion of them are led against a series of forts, construted of bamboo and painted paper, and defended by a few chosen spirits within. The Inspector is seated upon a raised platform at one side, drinking tea, smoking, and calmly noting the inextinguishable valor of the troops. Covering his ears with his hands, to protect himself from the shock of the explosion, his Excellency orders the culverin to be fired, which is signal for the commencement of the sham fight. Then ensues such pirouetting, advancing, retreating, leaping, and caper-cutting, as makes one faint with laughing. Finally, at the waving of a certain standard, each troop rushes back to its original place, and the air is rent with shouts of victory.

The Chinese musket has no stock, but merely a handle like a pistol. The Celestial fusileer rests the weapon against his hip, not against his shoulder. His aim is taken simply by looking at the object to be shot, and pointing the musket barrel somewhere in that direction.

The field artillery seems, however, to be the most comical of all the Celestial engines of destruction. The small culverin used has no carriage. It is borne upon the shoulders of two unfortunates, who may be considered the bravest of that army of braves. The Imperial Government, with accustomed paternal solicitude, has ordained that the ears of these peripatetic gun-carriages shall be carefully stuffed with cotton previous to each discharge; and this is done with most rigid exactness. As for taking aim, that is a minor matter. The ball goes where it pleases fate to send it. The noise is supposed to have a more telling effect upon the nerves of the enemy than would the shot upon his flesh and bones.

The military profession is at a very great discount in China. A soldier is, according to Chinese ethics, an *antisapeck* man—a man of no value—one whose worth to society or to himself has no appreciable value—can not be represented by even the smallest coin. A military mandarin is very far inferior to a civil mandarin—the one being regarded as the representative of intellect, while the other conveys merely the idea of brute force. With all this, however, aspirants to military honors are expected to study for degrees, which are conferred just as are degrees in literature; there being Bachelors and Doctors in War, just as there are Bachelors and Doctors in Letters.

Chinese military tactics may be summed up very shortly. The chief aim of all strategy is to get possession of the hostile commanders. Ferocious yells, frightful grimaces, and horrifying threats, are presumed to be as efficacious against an enemy as guns and swords; and probably are, taking in due consideration the clumsy way in which the last-mentioned weapons are handled. A defeat of the Emperor's soldiers is considered an impossibility; and woe to the messenger whose ill fate it is, upon his knees—as shown in our engraving—to announce the accomplishment of such an impossibility. The Imperial Majesty, disgusted at the assertion of a fact so contrary to all reason, instantly orders the decapitation of the wretched bearer of ill news. Finally, Out-se, a celebrated Chinese writer on military tactics, recommends that the drums and cymbals be intrusted to the most valiant warriors that can be found—on the principle that the greater the din the greater the chances of victory.

The navy of China boasts about 80,000 sailors. We give upon another page a representation of the war-junks, whose fierce eyes and horror-inspiring names are thought to render the coasts untenable to outside barbarians. The Chinese admiral, of course, never goes to sea. He resides on shore, and intrusts his duties to his subordinates. The whimsical paintings with which these clumsy vessels are adorned, the little houses—absolutely built up of masonry—which encumber the decks, the disorder which reigns on board, where each sailor takes care chiefly of himself—all these absurdities are characteristic of the queer people who, loving peace, thus awkwardly prepare to maintain it.

Could one find a better example of prosperous Red Tape? Is not China, in point of fact, one great slightly exaggerated Circumlocution Office?

THE TRYST.

Twilight flows like a dusky sea;
  The hamlet gray in the distance drowns;
The white sheep lie on the tawny lea,
  And Alf the shepherd looks over the downs.

"Lazy Effie, the tryst is passed!
  Lazy Effie, the curfews toll!
Ah! lazy Effie, I see you at last
  Creeping round by the shadowy knoll!

"Oh! how softly you steal on me!
  Oh! how lightly your little feet tread!
The night is dusk, but I almost see
  Your laughing eyes, and your stooping head.

"I hear you crumple the short, crisp grass,
  But I will not stir, though I feel you near,
Till over my eyes your hands you pass
  And utter some terrible word of fear.

"Then I'll suddenly leap to my feet
  And kiss you over your lips and eyes,
Kiss you till you are breathless, sweet,
  With mingling of laughter and surprise."

Stealthily creeps the shadow along
  Lean and brown and all alone—
Alf sits humming a careless song
  Motionless as a bowlder stone.

What dainty hand on his throat is laid?
  'Tis a hairy, rough, and venomous paw!
And ere he can utter one shriek for aid
  His hot blood reddens the old wolf's maw!

The moon looks over the rim of the lea,
  And Effie's at last at the trysting place—
Oh, heart of love! what a sight to see!
  The old wolf licking her lover's face!

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

AN OCEAN STEAMER.—(A PRIVATE VIEW.)

My dear Editor,—You really are thoughtless, very thoughtless, in filling your journal, and exciting your readers, with hints about going abroad, and the necessities of the foreign tour, and the charms of a visit to Europe, and so forth. Do you know, or do they know, what you are talking about? Why are you, in this indiscreet manner, urging quiet people to leave their peaceful firesides and comfortable homes, to encounter that most fearful experience, that middle passage of the Atlantic, frightful to bear, terrible to remember? It is a positive mystery to me how any human beings can deliberately, with forethought and design, subject themselves to such a trial. And yet, week after week, month after month, we see the steamers depart, crowded with eager creatures, all expectation and enthusiasm, without a thought of what they are about to endure, or the slightest prospect of escaping from it when once fairly afloat!

Deluded victims! I feel for you, one and all! Ignorant innocents! It's very pretty at first, of course. You hurry on board, loaded with trunks and boxes. Your acquaintances become charmingly friendly, when sure they are to lose you for a while; and as there are about a dozen dear friends to each passenger, longing to say good-by, the vessel is naturally crowded to suffocation. In the midst of the confusion and uproar your admirers present you with flowers, and say something sentimental, in quiet corners, about wishing "to stroll the decks with you on moonlight nights, with naught but the expanse of ocean around," and so on. But for my part, I consider it too serious a matter for poetry. The very sight of the mail-bags gives me already a spasm in the epigastric region. I feel it is all so terribly real, that I shall be flat on my back at the first turn of the wheel, and incapable of the slightest motion before I am half an hour older.

Volumes have been said and sung about the delights of the sea, life on the ocean wave, etc., etc.; but I am very happy to think it has all been admirably contradicted by some few bold and candid spirits. I join that honest band, and, for myself, solemnly declare there is no purgatory painted by papist equal to living on that combination of hydrogen and oxygen vulgarly called "the water;" there is no torture like "the cradle of the deep;" no horror like "riding the mountain wave;" no dull misery like "a tranquil sea."

"Beautiful," is it, you say. Yes, my dear Sir, to look at, not to touch. Like many sublunary things, it may be pleasing to the eye, but 'tis bitter to the taste. I regard it as the forbidden fruit—not to be meddled with, except under severe penalties; and I persist in thinking it was more intended to aid in composing pictures than in discomposing our internal economy. I hate the sea. I detest its mighty waters, except at a *very* great distance indeed. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am it is the natural enemy of mankind. Don't we do all we can to counteract it, and overcome it, and fight with it, for the term of our blessed lives? But I have not much time to reflect upon the theme. We are afloat; already the shore has receded from us, and is but a dim line on the horizon. This natural enemy, whom I dread so much, will begin, ere long, to wreak his vengeance on me. I must hasten below to arrange my apartment, and hang up every thing I can possibly want within my reach, before the demon becomes too much for me. Hark! there's the gong for lunch, demoniac, too, in its sullen roar; it says plainly enough, "Come and eat, if you can; it will be the last, last time for this many a day!" I take the warning, and hurry up stairs. But the room is crowded—every place is taken. Where shall I sit? Dear me! I need not be so anxious about finding a seat; I shall not, probably, make much use of it. Only let me be near the door, that I may, when needful, beat a rapid retreat. That is all I demand.

I seize the present opportunity (I may never have another), and survey my companions in misfortune. Of course, the steamer is crammed—they always are at this season—and there is always some one who pronounces it "a very distinguished party," to say nothing of the presence of one or two members of the invariable "first families," who seem to be getting dreadfully common, I stumble upon them so often.

Let us look further. There's the usual great, stout English importer (of something or other), florid in face, flourishing in pocket, with a whole regiment of private tea-pots, and appliances of all kinds! He has a wife who matches him exactly, and calls him always "Mr. K——," even in their tenderest moments. They are vigorous at every meal, and particularly strong at a final and peculiar supper when every body else has retired to their restless couches. But "Mr. K——" is on excellent terms with the local authorities, and doesn't fare the worse in consequence. There is a whole brigade of small boys belonging to them, looking like diamond editions of "Pa" in the family traveling costume of shepherd's plaid. "Ma" is accompanied by an uncertain number of little girls—you can't guess how many—new ones seem so perpetually springing up beneath your feet, until at last on Sunday morning, preparatory to prayers, you see the whole force collected, seated meekly on deck, and so many pairs of little frilled pantalets dangling from the bench.

Then there's the Boston young gentleman—face sharp and knowing, no whiskers, hair thin, figure ditto, manners—well, not pleasing; all his opinions cut and dried, just as retailed by some half-dozen dogmatic Boston dignitaries. He knows all about every thing he is going to see, or at least thinks he does, and rejects, if he doesn't resent, any information you may be rude enough to give him, even if it goes no further than suggesting that the Queen of England does *not* live at the Tower of London, or that the *Place Royale* in Paris is *not* the same spot as the *Palais Royal*.

There's the enthusiastic Yankee, who has either a patent for India rubber, or some quack medicine, or some new scheme of social philosophy, and is going direct with it to "Victoria," as he calls Her British Majesty, or to the Emperor of the French, to whom, with the true sympathy of a Republican for a usurper, he gives a full and respectful title. He it is who questions every body about every thing, and does not hesitate to ask me whether I am married, and if I say yes, what family has been the result, with many other queries too personal to repeat.

As to the ladies, they seem to abound, both pretty and ugly; and the children are absolutely swarming. But I have not much time to look around me. Already sundry unpleasant and indescribable sensations impel me to retreat. I retire, therefore, to that shelf in a closet appointed for me. Why, in the name of all sarcasm, is it called a *state*-room, I wonder, unless on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it is impossible to be stately in it? The old term—cabin—was more appropriate and descriptive. We all know what a "cabin" must be—on land or water, on a dreary moor, or on the drearier deep—and we expect a "cabin" to be miserable. But who could ever realize until they see it all that a state-room is *not?* Yes, here I am, housed, shelved, packed in; and for the next twelve days at least, behold me, condemned to a space five feet by one, doomed to lie either beneath the trembling boards of my partner above, in bodily fear of their giving way and crushing the wretched life out of me, or else subject to the alternative, painful to a delicate woman, of hoisting myself into the upward couch, to the amusement of the spectator below. Here I am buried—I can not say alive, but rather in a state of acutely suffering torpidity, if physiologists recognize such a paradoxical condition. I am indeed enduring a "sea change," with the consciousness of being gradually turned inside out like a polypus; but, unlike that creature, unable to bear the process with impunity. Oh the days, the dreary days! made martyrdom in their very dawn by the riotous holy-stoning of the decks—their weary length marked out by the monotonous, never-ending "bells." The hideous gong becomes almost musical, but it brings no relief to me; for, alas! I can not eat! The only true consolation for civilized beings on board ship is cruelly denied me; as the fat boy would say, I can not "enjoy my meals," for my appetite fails!

But if the days are mournful, the nights are horrid! I take so much brandy (I swallow it *neat*) that I have uneasy dreams, and fancy myself down among the roaring engines, surrounded by fierce firemen and grim engineers. I dream that I am in Pandemonium. And it is no dream, I am surely there. What else but the cries of demons are these frightful creakings and strainings, mingling with the dashing waves and the blustering winds? Every limb belonging to me is loaded with lead—every nerve is alive with torment. I almost wish the ship were on fire; a struggle for life would be heaven compared to this state of things. But *should* I struggle? I doubt it; for am I not, in plain English, deadly sick?

"How is it with the others?" I inquire. "Oh, you're all much alike," is the answer. So I can not even persuade myself that I am a conspicuous and interesting example. The ladies languish on the saloon sofas—another silly name, saloon (!), for what more resembles a hospital!—attired in all sorts of costume. The becoming is very much disregarded. Where you see care taken of the toilet, you may conclude that person is recovering herself. Coquetry begins where nausea ends. The invalids are lost in shawls and wrappers, blankets above and pillows below. The children are romping, the nurses gossiping, their mistresses scolding, the stewardess grumbling. Generally speaking, she neglects the dignified sufferers, but is officiously attentive to those who become free and easy in trouble. The strong and sturdy, in woollen shawls and brown vails, rush hurriedly through the room, on their way to a walk on deck. Those with pretty feet enjoy it greatly, and keep well in the way of the wind. Some few struggle to be elegant, even in the midst of chaos, and give us, now and then, a fleeting vision of the latest fashions, as they trip lightly up stairs to dinner, or to take five minutes' fresh air on the arm of their cavaliers; but this sort is generally careful of complexion, and does not expose itself long on deck to a tanning sea-breeze.

Right enough, too. If there is any thing unbecoming, it is a sea-voyage. Look at the passengers landing; some of them yellow and green with their long agony; the rest burned red as bronze with the bracing air! I don't admire such tints myself, and advise all who wish to look the least ladylike to steer clear of those promenades on deck, unless, indeed, there is a flirtation on hand, and then, I grant, all the balls and festivities in the world are nothing compared to them for interesting effect.

Among other annoyances, there is always a noisy woman on familiar terms with the gallant captain. She utters coarse jokes and flat repartees, and we are so enfeebled by suffering that we haven't strength to repel her wit by coldness; on the contrary, our very weakness makes it welcome, and we end in calling her "quite smart." Of course, there's a musical young lady, who, on the strength of a stale ballad, encored every night, is pronounced the *primâ donna* of the company. If, perchance, any one should twang upon an old guitar, the evenings are said to be "delightfully musical!" Then there's always a gentleman devoted to the fair sex, who is continually asking the unlucky married man, whose wife can't move, how his lady is? And the married man himself is always heaping up provisions surreptitiously on a side plate, and running hastily with them down stairs; or else he is on his knees to the stewardess, imploring her to convey the supply to the victim below "while it's hot." The stewardess herself, poor soul! is far too busy to be able to take care of her reputation, and she comes in, therefore, for a little slander from the fast young gentleman, who undertakes the collecting and dispersing of all the scandalous stories afloat, for the delectation of the other passengers. A bright spirit of this kind is thought very agreeable—by the gentlemen, and is called "capital company." I hear a great deal, you know, that I am not intended to hear, lying motionless in that berth, which is going, I fancy, to be my death.

And so it goes on, day after day. How *can* any body in their senses undertake a voyage? The worst is, you don't know what it really is until you try; and when you *have* tried, and happen to be on the other side of the water, you generally are obliged to come back again. But the thought alone makes me quite ill! And all this time I have never said one syllable to you about another misery—the torments endured by one's olfactories. Well, there is literally no end to it all! I *must* say good-by; but pray don't be sending people abroad again without the slightest warning.

Yours, etc.

LITERARY.

Bacon's Essays, with Annotations *by Richard Whately, D.D.* New York: C. S. Francis & Co. The publishers have done the American public a service by the issue of this invaluable book, whose reputation is too widely known to require for it more than mention. It would have done Bacon's soul good to know that, in so late a century as this, he would have a commentator who so thoroughly understood and appreciated him.

For the Essays themselves there is nothing left to be said in this day. There was some one, not long ago, who, in a country paper, published a flattering notice of the works of William Shakspeare. A notice of Bacon's Essays would be on a par with this. Nevertheless it may be well, in this age of books and of magazines and papers, to remind readers of those brief, strong articles, which contain volumes in pages, and libraries in one volume. It is as invigorating and strengthening to the mind to turn back to Bacon's clear, concise teachings on subjects whose interest and importance are unchanging as long as men are men, as it was to the body of the prodigal to feed on good meat after starving on husks. The volume now before us is enriched with the notes of an able editor, and every word of the old author which might be unintelligible to modern readers is explained at the foot of the page on which it occurs.

Agnes and the Little Key; or, Bereaved Parents instructed and comforted, *by her Father*, and Bertha and her Baptism, *by the Author of Agnes* (Boston: S. K. Whipple & Co.), are two books of rare and exquisite beauty; the first, perhaps, too deeply melancholy, but both pervaded with that keen sense of the delicate strings of the human heart which enables the authors to reach and to teach all fathers and mothers and all mourners.

Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, and the Communion of Labor, *by Mrs. Jameson.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The first portion of this volume, that in which the distinguished author speaks of those noble women, of all creeds and professions, of whom Florence Nightingale is the acknowledged Superior, has attracted great attention in England, where a second edition was called for within a month after the issue of the first. The second portion of the book is akin to the first. It is a lecture, delivered in private, and now printed, in which very interesting and important subjects—such as prison, work-house, and hospital arrangements, with special reference to women—are discussed in the manner peculiar to this very popular and very justly popular writer. The subjects alone commend themselves to all hearts, and the manner in which they are treated will abundantly repay the reader for the time given to this little volume.

Isabel, the Young Wife and the Old Love, *by John Cordy Jeaffreson.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

A young and inexperienced girl having loved without knowing it, marries an old man, of gentle and loving disposition, who is not angered when he discovers—even before she has discovered it—that she is not wholly his own. There is one who would tempt her to ruin—not the old love, but one who would gladly see her fall—who forms the dark background on which Isabel's character is beautifully relieved. The story is purely a love story, yet its freshness and purity are such as to preserve it from all mawkishness. It is precisely the book for a spring evening, when the gaslight is sufficient substitute for the grate fire. In whistling winter nights, or hot summer days, give us Shirley, or Wuthering Heights; but in a May evening let us have something gentle and delicate as Isabel.

Ticknor's "Blue and Gold" catches our eyes, and we turn with delight to the miniature edition of The Poems of Gerald Massey—a poet who is a poet—and *Mrs. Jameson's* Characteristics of Women, another little volume in the same royal style; both which are fit companions to Longfellow and Tennyson, and the other promised books in the series. One can take a whole library of familiar friends in this style into shady places in the country for summer reading.

A Commentary on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, *by John J. Owen, D.D.* (published by Leavitt & Allen, New York), is a very handsome volume, valuable to clergymen, students, and to families, as a clear and simple exposition of the text, by a learned and able man.

The Theory and Practice of Bank Book-keeping and Joint-Stock Accounts, Exemplified and Elucidated in a complete set of Bank Accounts, printed in colors; *by C. C. Marsh.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Marsh's name is a guarantee for the value of the book. This is one of the finest specimens of the typographical art that the American press has produced. It consists, as its title expresses, of a complete set of books prepared as a model to the book-keeper, which he can follow with ease. None but an intelligent book-keeper need attempt to make use of it; and as no man lacking intelligence ought to be a book-keeper, we take it there will be a large number in this and other cities who will need the work. A merchant or banker who values his book-keeper can do no better than provide him with a copy.

Hunter's Panoramic Guide from Niagara to Quebec (published by Jewett & Co., Boston); a picture of both sides of the Niagara and St. Lawrence Rivers, tempts one away even now on this favorite route. No need to ask captain or deck hand how far it is to Montreal, with such a guide in one's hand.

The Little Child's Book of Divinity; or, Grandmamma's Stories about Bible Doctrines, *by the Author of* "Memories of Bethany," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

A little book of sound, orthodox theology, wherein Grandmamma, in a dialogue with the child, explains, in words intended to be sufficiently simple for a child's comprehension, those doctrines about which doctors disagree; but we can not avoid thinking that Grandmamma might be about better and more profitable business than such explanations.

Oram's First Book: an Inductive and Progressive Reader, *by Elizabeth Oram.* New York: D. Fanshaw.

This child's first book has valuable features of originality which commend it to attention. Its chief and striking merit is in the order of illustrations, which are designed to give the child a practical idea of the value of every sound of every letter. Thus, under A, we have pictures of an ape, an ant, an arch, and an awl. Similar principles are carried out in all the plan of the work, which is by a lady whose experience in teaching fits her for the preparation of a book that can not fail to be useful to those who are engaged in instructing children.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

T. N. Stanford.

Jerusalem, and other Poems; with Memoir of Mrs. Mary B. Park. By Rev. R. Park. 12mo, $1.

D. Appleton & Co.

Illustrated School History of the United States, and the Adjacent Parts of America. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M. 12mo, $1.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

Speeches of Henry Clay. Edited by Calvin Colton, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo, $4.

PHILADELPHIA.

T. B. Peterson.

The Watchman. By James A. Maitland. 12mo, $1 25.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE GOVERNMENT OF UTAH.

Major M'Culloch, of Texas, has declined the Governorship of Utah. Our correspondent affirms that it has been offered to Colonel Cummins, General Superintendent of Indian Affairs west of the Mississippi, and declined; and others say that Judge Drummond, late of Utah, and Governor Wright, of Indiana, have had the refusal of the post. One thing is certain, up to the present moment no Governor has been appointed. It is understood that a force of 2000 men will shortly march to the neighborhood of Salt Lake; and it is supposed that General Harney will command them. The rumor that Brigham Young had fled, which was current last week, is now discredited.

THE DALLAS-CLARENDON TREATY.

It turns out that Honduras has not ratified the treaty with England on which the Dallas-Clarendon treaty relied; and now Lord Napier is understood to be prepared to negotiate a new treaty on an independent basis. Rumor ascribes to the President an earnest desire to settle this troublesome matter in a way that will be satisfactory to England.

THE NEW GRANADA DISPUTE.

General Herran, the New Granadian Minister at Washington, is confident that the new Administration of New Granada will come to terms with the United States. Judge Bowlin therefore remains for a while at Bogota; but the force on both sides of the Isthmus is being strengthened.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The subject of the foreign missions has been taken up by the Cabinet; but, at the present time, no appointments are known to have been made. Rumor says that New York is to have a full mission, notwithstanding her Frémont majority; and Hon. Mr. Dickinson and Judge Parker are the favorite candidates with gossips. Ex-Governor Rodman Price is believed to have a fair prospect of succeeding Mr. Forsyth at Mexico. Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, is now talked of as a likely successor to Mr. Vroom at Berlin. It is understood that the State Department has received applications for recall from Messrs. Vroom, Belmont, Owen, Cass, and others; and it is not expected that any of the present ministers will escape the rotating axe. Colonel John W. Forney declines a foreign mission from want of adequate fortune.

GREYTOWN INDEMNITY.

A fresh correspondence is said to have passed between Lord Napier and General Cass on the subject of indemnities claimed by the former on behalf of certain British subjects injured by the bombardment of Greytown. Mr. Marcy negatived a similar application, and it seems to be expected that Mr. Cass will not be more disposed to grant concessions.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Ex-President Pierce has been staying in this city as the guest of Senator Fish. Notwithstanding their political antagonism, the Ex-President and the Senator are warm personal friends. Mr. Pierce looks quite well again. He left for Concord on 22d.

Mr. Buchanan has declined to be present at the railroad celebration at Cincinnati. Secretaries Cass, Cobb, and Toucey are expected to join the excursion.

The contest for Speaker of the new House seems to lie between Colonel Orr of South Carolina and T. L. Harris of Illinois. For Clerk, Banks of Virginia, Allen of Illinois, Robinson of Indiana, Connolly of New York, and Hibbard of New Hampshire, are said to be candidates.

A Southern paper says that Governor Marcy is going over to the Republicans. He is only going over to Europe.

Governor Floyd, the Secretary of War, has been invited to visit West Point next June and attend the examination of the cadets at the Military Academy, and, it is stated, has accepted the invitation.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who has been lately seriously indisposed, is, by the last accounts, rapidly recovering.

Stephen Adams, of Mississippi, whose term in the United States Senate, where he is succeeded by Jefferson Davis, expired with the close of the Thirty-fourth Congress, died at Memphis last week. He was a native of Tennessee, and, at one time, represented his county in the State Senate; but early in life he removed to Mississippi, and took a prominent part in public affairs in that state.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives have adopted the Senate's address, calling for the removal of Judge Loring, by a vote of 210 to 69.

General Pillow was severely injured by a fall from his horse a few days since. His residence is Helena, Arkansas, but he is now at Memphis, Tennessee, slowly recovering.

Governor Geary is going to fulfill the wishes of his enemy; he is going to write a book. Likewise to accept the American nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, if it is offered him.

Solon Borland, of Arkansas, has deserted the pill-box and commenced the practice of the law.

Hon. Jesse D. Bright has purchased the elegant residence of George C. Washington, of Georgetown Heights, near Washington. He will make it his future residence as Senator from Indiana.

Herman Melville returned on the 20th instant, in the steamer *City of Manchester*, from Liverpool, after a seven months' absence abroad.

Mr. Poncelet, the Belgian Consul at Chicago, was drowned last week in a slough some twenty miles from the city, which, with his servant, he was attempting to cross in a buggy. He was a native of Belgium.

Hon. John P. Hale has entirely recovered from the National Hotel sickness, and, it is said, looks as robust and healthy as ever.

Since the return of George Peabody from a temporary sojourn at Washington, he has been suffering from an indisposition which has confined him to his room.

Lieutenant Lardner Gibbon, U. S. Navy, has resigned.

Hon. Ward Hunt, of Utica, has been appointed by the Governor a Manager of the State Lunatic Asylum, in place of the late Joshua A. Spencer.

Father Chiniguy, whose performances West have made much stir, has been formally excommunicated from the Roman Catholic pulpits of Montreal.

Mr. Kinman, the California hunter, presented the buckhorn chair to the President on Saturday last in the East Room, in the presence of a large number of spectators, among whom was Governor Dickinson. Mr. Kinman was introduced by General Denver, and made a speech informing the President that it was the first piece of cabinet work he had ever attempted. The President's response, as well as Mr. Kinman's address, was loudly applauded. Having tried the chair, the President pronounced it comfortable, and promised to preserve it as a cherished memento.

Among the passengers in the packet ship *Ontario*, which sailed for Liverpool on 16th inst., were Christian S. Delevan, Esq., and Miss H. Delevan, of this city.

Secretary Cobb has awarded the contract for building the new steam revenue cutter to William H. Webb, of New York. The contest was one of the most desperate ever known to the Department.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has appointed the execution of M'Kim, who murdered Norcross, at Altona, for the 21st day of August.

A serious difficulty has occurred between Governor Charles Robinson, of Kansas, and George Washington Brown, the editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, at Lawrence. Robinson charges Brown with an attempt to sell out the free State party to Governor Shannon, and Brown has written a letter, in which he applies some strong epithets to Robinson.

Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., of this city, for many years a Professor in the College of New Jersey, will sail for Europe on the 3d of June, in the steamer *Asia*.

Mr. Morse, Special Minister to New Granada, is detained at New Orleans by sickness in his family.

Another death from sickness contracted at the National Hotel, Washington, has occurred at Harrisburg. J. M. B. Petriken, Esq., one of the members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, from Lycoming County, died at Harrisburg, after some weeks of suffering from the malady that has proved fatal to so many visitors to the National Hotel at Washington.

The name of Busteed has been "consecrated" in France, and passed into the state of an adage. They speak now of "Busteeds of the law," "Busteeds of justice," as they do of Don Quixotes of chivalry, Iagos of honor, etc. He stands for the representative of the *sans culotte* lawyer of the criminal courts. The name of Busteed has made its entry into the French language as an adjective of significant and extended application.

At a meeting of the Trustees of Columbia College, held on 18th inst., Charles Davies, LL.D., was appointed Professor of Mathematics; Professor Joy, of Union College, Professor of Chemistry; and Professor Francis Lieber, late of South Carolina, Professor of Political Economy.

At Waltham, ten miles from Boston, upon a small estate of twenty acres, in a plain, comfortable town, surrounded by those among whom he has grown up, and loved and respected by them, lives Nathaniel P. Banks, whose name, during the past two years, has been mentioned at least as often as that of any other. He is a plain, unobtrusive man, without ostentation or offensive parade. His time is divided between his books and his land, upon which he is making improvements, and is constantly found at home. He rarely visits the city, although it is but twenty minutes' ride, and the cars pass his door six times every day, but devotes himself to the business of recruiting his health after the exhaustion incident to his official position.

At Cleveland, Mississippi, on the evening of the 6th inst., Mr. W. D. M'Kee, principal of Georgetown Academy in that State, was married to Miss Mary Roberts, and at midnight, during the rejoicing of the bridal party, he fell dead in their midst.

General Shields designates Colonel Burnett as the bravest of the New York Regiment, so far as he knows. General Twiggs declines to specify any one New Yorker as braver than the others.

Dr. Gale, of the Patent Office, has resigned his post as Examiner.

About twelve thousand people of color left the United States for Africa during the last year. More than half of them were emancipated for the purpose.

The Honorable Barker Burnell, formerly State Senator from Nantucket County, Massachusetts, is now in the chain-gang at Valparaiso—having been sentenced for robbing the mail. He may be seen daily in the streets of that city with a ball attached to his leg, working with his fellow-convicts. He was indicted several years since for embezzling the funds of the Nantucket Bank, but escaped the punishment due to his crime by "leaving his country for his country's good."

Honorable James Bell, United States Senator from New Hampshire, is reported to be dangerously ill. He has been in feeble health the past year.

THE REBELLION IN UTAH.

Judge Drummond writes a letter about the disturbances at Salt Lake City, in which he says: "I assert that a man by the name of Lewis was tried and convicted before George Peacock, Probate Judge of Manti County, in December last, for assault and battery, and put in the Penitentiary of Utah for five years' time, and that before he was incarcerated in the prison he was castrated by a Mormon mob.

"Mr. Little asserts that he never heard any thing of the murder of the dumb boy, Whitehouse, by the English doctor named Baker. I assert that Mr. Little's connection with that band of Church-licensed pirates and murderers well known as Danites or Destroying Angels, is such as to keep him fully and promptly posted in all the nefarious acts of the Church, and in this case in particular, that he well knew that Baker was tried and should have been hung for one of the most brutal murders ever committed by the hand of man; that the jurors did find him guilty of murder in the second degree, and that he, Baker, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for ten years; was started to the Penitentiary in care of Deputy-Marshal Anson Call, on Wednesday, and was promptly pardoned by Governor Young without ever seeing the inside of the Penitentiary before the following Sunday; that Hosea Stout and John Bair were the lawyers who defended Baker, and that Joseph A. Kelting was the counsel for the Government on the trial; that Lewis Bronson, William Stevens, Allen Russel, George Catlin, John Cavier, Charles Williams, Charles Price, Jeremiah Hatch, John Mangum, Warren Snow, William Holden, and Orville Cox were the jurors who tried the case."

OUR CIVILIZATION.

Eugene Grelet, one of the French prisoners, held on a charge of robbing the Northern Railway of France, died in the Eldridge Street prison last week. His death reflects the deepest disgrace on the city.

The agents of the Northern Railroad Company of France having stripped him and his brother of all the money and valuables in their possession, had him arrested in September last, in a civil suit at the instance of the Railroad Company, and held to bail in the sum of $500,000. He moved before Judge Davies for his release, who decided that there was nothing to warrant his arrest, but refused to order his discharge unless he would stipulate not to sue the Railway Company for false imprisonment. He decided, and was advised that he should not release his acknowledged right to redress against the Northern Railway Company, and he remained in the Eldridge Street jail. The horrors of an imprisonment in that place it is impossible to describe—fourteen beds in one small room, and no opportunity for air or exercise. It is a place which successive grand juries have presented as a nuisance. It was soon seen that the unfortunate man was suffering from the effects of his imprisonment. When it was ascertained that the poor fellow was really sinking, and that his condition was becoming alarming, application was made to the advisers of the Railway Company to permit his removal to the City Hospital; but this was refused, unless he would first relinquish his claim on the Company. This he refused, and he had no alternative but to remain day after day in jail, getting worse and worse, until at length death gave him his release. The associates of the deceased youth complain loudly of the treatment he received in jail.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE TO BE RENOVATED.

There is a stir in old Columbia. With the increasing revenues of the College, whose property is estimated at $2,000,000, has naturally arisen the desire to elevate its standing to the character of a University, by a more competent and rigid course of study. In order to effect this, it has been proposed by Professor Anderson, one of the most efficient members of the Board of Trustees, to extend the collegiate course from four to six years, and to induce the students to pursue a more thorough course by a system of rewards proportioned to their acquirements, among which a list of Fellowships is contemplated, with a salary of $500 a year, for those who shall have completed the full curriculum of studies, and meritoriously received the highest honors of the College.

A COLORED MAN SWORN INTO OFFICE.

Thomas Howland, a colored stevedore, has been elected Warden in the Third Ward of Providence, Rhode Island. The result, it appears, was brought about through a joke, but it turned out to be a reality, and a few days ago Howland demanded to be sworn into office. His election, upon examination, was found to be legal, and he was thereupon sworn, and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

JOHN J. ECKEL TO BE NOLLE PROS'D.

John J. Eckel appeared in Court last week, and through his counsel demanded a trial on the indictment for the murder of Dr. Burdell. The District-Attorney said that for reasons which he could not state in open Court he was unwilling to proceed with the trial, and accordingly moved that it be laid over until the October term, when he intended to enter a *nolle prosequi.* Mr. Eckel's counsel represented the hardship of thus sending his client out under suspicion of murder, without giving him a trial which should determine the question of his guilt or innocence. But the Court granted the motion of the District-Attorney, against the protest and earnest remonstrance of Mr. Eckel's counsel.

THE GREAT MERCANTILE SLANDER SUIT.

The slander suit of Fowles against Bowen, tried once before, when a verdict of $6000 was rendered for the plaintiff, again occupied the Superior Court last week on a second trial obtained upon exceptions, and resulted last Saturday in a verdict for the plaintiff, though in a lesser amount, $4500. The circumstances are too familiarly known to the community to need repetition; and no more need be said now than that the plaintiff was formerly a salesman in the house of Bowen & M'Namee, dry goods merchants. He left them to go to Cincinnati, and took with him a strong letter of recommendation from Bowen & M'Namee, and obtained a similar situation with an eminent firm there. The Cincinnati house subsequently commenced dealing with another firm in New York for gloves and hosiery instead of with Bowen & M'Namee, and suspicion arose in the minds of the latter that it was owing to the influence of Fowles that this change took place. One of the firm of the Cincinnati house came on to New York, when Mr. Bowen said to him that they had changed their opinion of Fowles, and that he had become a notorious liar in their house; he had left New York with more trunks than a poor clerk ought to have, and they had written on to Cincinnati to have him watched by the police. His trunks were searched in Cincinnati, and they were found to contain, beside the necessary wearing apparel for a poor clerk, a quantity of books, with which he was wont to beguile his leisure hours. The defendants are moving to set aside the verdict.

A VOLCANO IN GEORGIA.

A volcano has lately made its appearance in Pigeon Mountain, about ten miles from Augusta. On the 24th ult. the mountain was violently agitated, and the citizens in the vicinity were aroused and terribly frightened by the commotion. When observing the mountain they were more than ever terrified, for a brilliant light was plainly seen issuing from the summit. The atmosphere soon became strongly impregnated with a disagreeable sulphuric odor. On the following day a thick torrent of smoke and ashes ascended from where this light was previously seen. No blaze has yet been seen to issue from the crater. It had continued up to the 29th ult. about as above described, emitting smoke and ashes without intermission. The crater is thought to be about 100 yards in diameter. No one has yet ventured near enough to ascertain any thing of its general depth.

Several springs in the vicinity have totally disappeared. Many of the citizens are very much alarmed, and some even are moving out of the valley, through anticipation and fear of a violent eruption. One observer states that the principle of a volcano has for many years been germinating in Pigeon Mountain. About ten miles south from where the present appeared is the crater of an extinguished volcano, which appears to have been in an active state at no very distant period.

Every appearance goes to vindicate the conjecture that it has been in a state of eruption within less than five hundred years. Several persons of credit have stated that in the winter of '48 or '49 the earth in the vicinity was in a remarkably warm state. Others have avowed that they saw smoke with a sulphuric smell issue from a very remarkable cavity which is found in the neighborhood of the place.

A TERRIBLE DUEL INDEED.

A duel has taken place in Virginia between a Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Owings. The cause was as follows: Lawrence, attracted by the beauty of a poor girl in Louisville, married her. After marriage her beauty attracted this John W. Owings, and their intimacy became town talk. The husband threatened him, and three different times did challenge him, but each time Owings promised faithfully not to do so any more if he would not shoot him, and the difficulty was for the time settled. But the intercourse still continued, and at last Lawrence grew desperate and swore he wouldn't stand it any longer. He separated from his wife, sued for a divorce, and sent another challenge to Owings. The dreadful crisis had come; both seemed desperate, and a most bloody conflict was anticipated. As dueling is forbidden in Kentucky, the parties started up the river to Virginia, to fight it out on soil consecrated to chivalry—the Old Dominion. At five o'clock, a. m., on the 15th inst, the party took a yawl and went over to Virginia Point, accompanied by the watchman of the boat and a deck hand. It was raining, but they went into a log blacksmith shop and loaded; then the seconds went out under an umbrella and stepped off fifteen paces. The pistols were carried out under their coat-tails, and the doomed were in a most solemn stillness—broken by no sound but the pattering rain on the roof of the blacksmith shop; took their places, dreadfully pale—from their early rising. They exchanged six shots without effect; nobody knew where the balls went. The gentlemen having by this time become so nervous that it was feared their weapons might go off accidentally in their hands, and kill the surgeons or somebody else, the seconds suggested, as it was raining hard, that they had better put it off till pleasant weather. This they cheerfully acceded to, and as the steamer *Boston* was just about to leave for Cincinnati, they all got aboard and started home again.

A FEMALE DON JUAN.

One day last week a steamboat captain, residing in Newport, arrived home from a trip to learn that his wife had, during his absence, deserted his home. A letter and two daguerreotypes of the frail one were left for him. In the letter she bade him a kind farewell, and requested him to give one of the daguerreotypes to his brother and the other to his cousin, both of whom she loved better than him, but she had gone away with another whom she loved best of the three. She had chosen a partner, and recommended him to imitate her example, and wished him happiness with the woman of his choice. No clew has been obtained of her whereabouts, nor is it known who is the paramour with whom she has so mysteriously fled.

A PERFECT BRUTE.

A man named Herman O'Hara is on trial at Auburn, charged with producing the death of his son, a boy some fifteen years old. The physicians testified to the bruised condition of the head, arm, side, and back of the deceased, and to some internal injuries; and a little brother, twelve years old, explains how these injuries happened:

Jefferson O'Hara, sworn.—I had a brother Herman once; he died last winter at Peter C. Wyckoff's, my cousin's; before Herman went away I recollect of father kicking him in the back; Herman cried, but did not fall down; I saw him kick him once or twice one night when he was going after potatoes to feed the cows; when he kicked him he fell down cellar clear to the bottom; he hit him in the back; I was just ahead of him; he cried a little and said he was sore; that was the night before he went to Wyckoff's; I saw father kick him three or four days before he went away; when Herman went to set some grease on the table he spilled some; father lay on the trundle bed and asked Herman what it was; father got up and kicked and whipped him with a horsewhip; father wore coarse boots and kicked very hard; Herman cried and lay down on the floor; father kicked him twelve or fifteen times and struck him with the horsewhip as many times; some of the blows cut through the cloth; at one time when he had him down on the floor he sat on him, and when Herman turned he struck his face, and said if he didn't lay still he would take his wind; Herman was trying to keep his face so he couldn't hit it; before he sat on him he kicked him, and pulled out about a handful of his hair; he kicked him behind and on his side; one evening after he had been to Henry Wyckoff's, Herman was sitting in the chair reading, and father came up and kicked him and whipped him; he fell down on the floor; father said he would learn him how to talk; Herman put his hand on his back and side and cried; he kept him up that night till three o'clock, and kicked him and whipped him every ten minutes; I saw father strike him with a boot between eight and nine o'clock the morning he went away; he hit him on the head with the heel; father was whipping me, and I jumped and hit Herman and made the mark on his temple; when father struck him he fell against the table and broke some dishes, and while he was looking at them Herman went away; he pulled his hair and his ear so that the skin was broken; he jerked him around by his hair; once in a while he jerked his feet from the floor; he kicked him on his back above his seat; Herman ran around the floor and cried.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament was formally inaugurated by a royal speech on the 7th inst. The Lord Chancellor read the speech. It contains no pledge of a reform bill, and is as meagre as usual on matters of foreign policy. Lord Palmerston, in the debate, promised to do what he could to introduce a reform bill early, and Mr. Roebuck noted the promise.

THE COURT.

The Queen has quite recovered, and was to be "churched" early this month. She has already attended a Privy Council, after which she left for her residence on the Isle of Wight. Prince Albert has been to Manchester to open the Art Exhibition there.

TROUBLES OF NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

The gentlemen who have been returned for the first time to Parliament have a good many difficulties to encounter in connection with their conduct in the House of Commons. Mr. Roupell, the new member for Lambeth, entered the house enveloped in a capacious circular cloak, and wearing his hat. There is no parliamentary law against the cloak, but it is a grave offense against House of Commons good manners for a member to walk into the presence of the Speaker with his hat on. As soon as a member enters the house he is bound by custom to remove his hat, to make a respectful bow to the Speaker, and not restore his hat to its usual quarters until he has settled down in his seat. Mr. Roupell, who appeared to be unacquainted with these regulations, walked boldly into the house, failed to remove his hat, and took no notice of the Speaker. "Order, order!" proceeded from a multitude of voices, when Mr. Roupell was informed by a friend that the remonstrances were addressed to him, and explained the circumstances which called them forth. By this time he was in his seat, but he took off his hat and placed it by his side, where it stood during the remainder of the time he was in the house, the honorable member not being aware that he enjoyed the privilege of wearing it while he was "in his place." Another new member made a *faux pas* of a different kind. There was some difficulty in getting together the 40 members necessary to constitute "a house;" and 20 or 30 members sat for nearly half an hour in gloomy silence, anxiously awaiting new arrivals. An honorable member, tired of the monotony, hastily rose from his seat, and was about beating a retreat, but he had not quite reached the door when he was informed by the Sergeant-at-Arms that though he was free from arrest out of doors, that privilege did not apply to the space within the walls of Parliament, and that under the circumstances he could go no further, but must return to his seat. As soon as "a house" was made, he would be at full liberty to retire, but not till then. The honorable gentleman returned to his seat, the gainer of an important piece of experience with regard to parliamentary etiquette. A very common error in which members fall is that of walking between the Speaker and the member who is addressing the house—an offense of a very high order, which invariably brings down thunders of indignant remonstrances from the more experienced senators. This breach of good manners the new members have not yet had much opportunity of committing.

THE MANCHESTER ART EXHIBITION.

Manchester was on 6th inst. the scene of an event almost unique in the history of art in England, or perhaps in the world. An exhibition of Art Treasures, never before equaled for extent and importance, was opened with an *éclat* to which nothing but the presence of the sovereign herself could have added. The consort of Her Majesty presided over the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large and distinguished assembly, comprising several Cabinet Ministers, the representatives of various foreign countries, many of the native nobility and gentry, the corporate authorities of some of the principal cities, and thousands of the inhabitants of the important and populous district of which Manchester is the centre. The weather was most propitious, and the arrangements both within and without the Exhibition were faultless. It was a day, in short, of marked success, and one of which the city of Manchester may be proud.

A RETURN TO THE FIG-LEAF FASHION.

An Irish paper contains the following:

"The subject of the costume of the Ancient Britons has often been discussed; it has been asserted that they were naked. Those who opposed that view adduced as reasons the coldness and variable nature of the climate. The question has been set at rest by an experiment which has recently been made on a child at St. Anne's Blarney, near Cork. The child is fourteen months old, and is the son of Mr. ——, who determined to ascertain what the human frame would bear. The child is perfectly naked night and day. He sleeps without any covering, in a room with the thermometer at 38 degrees; from this he goes into a bath at 118 degrees—he sometimes goes to sleep in the bath. He is perfectly indifferent to heat or cold; he is lively, active, cheerful, and intelligent. His appearance constantly reminds the observer of the best efforts of our best painters and sculptors. Therein is the *beau ideal;* he is the reality. His simple, graceful, natural, easy, and ever-varying postures are charming. He arrests the attention and commands the admiration of all who see him. The peculiar character of his skin is very striking; it is exquisitely healthy and beautiful. It may be compared to the rays of the sun streaming through a painted window. During the progress of the experiment he has cut three teeth without manifesting any of the disagreeable symptoms usual to children in that condition. He appears to be quite insensible to pain. Occasionally he has an ugly fall, but not a sound escapes from his lips."

HOW IT ANSWERS.

The brute who is father to this poor child thus describes his process of torture:

"This day (December 27, 1856), the out-door laborers were engaged in storing ice for the ice-house. This speaks for the severity of the cold during the night. I did not observe the thermometer. The child sleeps on the floor, on a traveling-rug folded in four, the room without fire or carpet, and is generally washed daily. There is a large bow-window to the north. It is the coldest room in the house. He was put to bed at half-past ten. He sleeps beside our bed. He is without any clothes or covering whatever. At one o'clock, being unable to sleep, I lighted the candles to read, sitting up in the bed. I was so cold with three blankets that I had to put on a fur cloak. The child woke up, and made vehement appeals to be taken in. I took him in. When I was going to sleep myself, I told him to go to bed. He moaned so bitterly that I apprehended that he feared the cold. To test him, I got out of the bed and laid down on his rug (without clothes); he then would not remain a moment in the warm bed, but followed me to his pallet. He then composed himself to sleep in his own fashion—that is, lying like a frog—and I left him. When he came into bed I was obliged to put a blanket between us, for the bitter cold of his limbs; but every way that I could arrange the clothes led to no sign that he suffered from the cold or desired the heat. The attitude he assumes in sleeping is that of the Mussulman making prostrations—on his knees, with his hands spread out before him, which could not be if he suffered from fatigue; but his muscles are too hard for that. By this means he concentrates the caloric in the stomach, and so is indifferent to cold; however cold the limbs (and they get frightfully cold to the touch and never numb, being, on the contrary, quite mottled red), the loins are always warm. This is the first working-day since he has been in my hand that he has not been in the vapor-bath. It is the first word he has learned to say, and he calls for it every morning. Yesterday he was in an hour and a half. He moans a little when the cold water is put on him, but stops when told to do so. Hot water he will bear at a temperature that I could not endure. As I was yesterday carrying him home through the sleet and wind (which he enjoyed so much that he would not go in, but made me carry him about for half an hour on the brow of the hill), we met some of the unfortunate wrapped-up children, shivering with cold under all their tailor stuff."

A LEOPARD IN A GROG SHOP.

On the morning of the 23d ult. one of the leopards escaped from Wombwell's menagerie, Lincoln. It appears that the keeper entered the den for the purpose of cleansing it, and neglected to fasten the door of the cage. The animal pushed against the door and opened it, and walking out, and finding one of the side doors open, stalked into the show-yard, and there passed a little boy and girl, whom he did not attempt to molest; but a little dog rushing forward and barking at him, he snapped up the noisy little belligerent and walked into one of the drinking booths. The dealer in drams, perceiving what sort of a customer had intruded himself, quickly became "scarce," glad, as he afterward said, to leave the gentleman to help himself, cost free. One of the keepers soon appeared in pursuit, and, seizing the straying brute by the nose with a pair of pincers, as St. Dunstan seized the devil, thus led him back to the den.

PROFITS OF THE CLERICAL BUSINESS IN ENGLAND.

The twenty-seven bishops of the Established Church of England and Wales are paid annually not less a sum than £145,000, or, on the average, £6000 a year to each. The deans and canons—in number about 170—are paid £177,000 a year at least; more than £1000 a year on the average to each. And many of the canons and some of the deans hold large livings beside! For example, Canon ——, of ——, has two livings, value £2694 a year!!! His brother, Canon ——, is also chancellor of the diocese, and has two livings, value £2633 a year!!! Canon ——, of ——, is also Canon of ——, Prebendary of ——, and Vicar of ——. Hon. and very Rev. —— is Dean of ——, with £1524 a year, Prebendary and Precentor of ——, Rector of ——, with £673 a year, and Rector of ——, value not stated. Then —— is Canon of ——, Rector of ——, Rector of ——, and Rector of the sinecure rectory of ——; his brother —— is Canon of ——, Chancellor of ——, Rector of ——, Rector of ——, and Perpetual Curate of ——!!! Now, a word about the poor clergy. Three hundred incumbents have less than £50 a year; 480 have only £60; 700 have £90; and 6000 incumbents have under £300 a year, and 5000 curates have an average income of £80 a year. The Archbishop of —— has two palaces and £15,000 a year. Report states that his brother, the Bishop of W——, has £25,000 a year, a castle, and a London mansion. There is a society called "The Sons of the Clergy," which gives to very poor clergymen an annual £10 note, their widows the same. Grand pension! "The Society for Relief of Poor and Pious Clergy" has an income of only £500 a year, and relieves a few poor country gentlemen in the same way to the same amount. But most of all, there is "The *Clothing* Society for Poor Pious Clergymen," for giving the poor ministers of the Gospel the *cast-off clothes* of their richer brothers and the laity. More than 200 clergymen avail themselves of these "old clo'."

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO CHINA.

Baron Gros, who has been appointed to proceed on an extraordinary mission to China, has had a private audience from the Emperor. The steam frigate *Impetueuse* is, together with the frigate *Audacieuse*, to be dispatched to reinforce the French fleet in the China seas. The report that a Vice-Admiral is to be sent to China to take the command of the French fleet in those seas is confirmed. The two candidates having the best chance of the appointment are Admiral Dubordieu, Maritime Prefect at Toulon, and Admiral Romain Desfosses.

FEEBLE FLICKER OF POPULAR SPIRIT.

A Paris correspondent says: "The coming Legislative Chamber will be, like the one that is about to expire, the mere result of the will of the Government. A spirit of opposition has, nevertheless, manifested itself in several departments, and the electors of certain localities have begun to murmur at the sort of candidates sought to be imposed on them. Symptoms now and then appear of impatience at not being allowed to speak or write with more liberty than they have enjoyed for a long time. Their *amour propre* is hurt at seeing some orderly officer or aide-de-camp sent down to them, with no option but to take him for better for worse—some one with whose opinions or person the electors have had no acquaintance whatever, and whose name they perhaps only now hear for the first time. That discontent prevails in many places the reports of the prefects are said to afford sufficient evidence, and, however these gentlemen are in general disposed to report nothing but what is agreeable to those on whose will their future depends, there occur certain facts which the most subservient among them can not suppress. This dissatisfaction has given some uneasiness to the Government, and, though there is no doubt that the vast majority of the new deputies will be ministerial, yet it is a significant fact that, in order to produce that result, greater efforts will have to be made by the functionaries of Government than heretofore."

HONORABLE CONDUCT OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Northern Railway of France has taken place, presided over by Baron James Rothschild, concerning the late robbery. The president of the board observed: "It so happened that the greatest portion of the loss fell on securities belonging to the house of MM. de Rothschild. That firm had determined to support the loss of these securities itself. The meeting would, without doubt, appreciate fully, as the board of directors did, the high sentiments of dignity and equity which had actuated the MM. de Rothschild in so acting. The loss which that firm would have to support was not less than 5071 shares and 270 bonds, or five-sixths of the whole securities missing. As to the small portion of the loss falling on the shareholders, the board recommended to distribute the loss over a certain number of years, so as to render it less onerous; to that end, the board would propose to set aside 100,000 francs for the next year, as a special reserve to meet the case." A vote of thanks was passed to the Rothschilds.

THE NEW PARIS LION.

Grand Duke Constantine is the newest lion in France. He was magnificently *fêted* at Toulon.

"On visiting the armory on the first day, he did not at once notice the guns brought from Sebastopol, as the precaution had been taken of turning them somewhat out of sight; but on his examining them more closely, he found that they had belonged to Russia. 'Those are trophies of victory?' he asked one of the functionaries who accompanied him. 'Yes, Prince,' replied the latter; 'but I can show you something by way off a set-off,' pointing to a number of French guns which had been rendered unfit for further service by the Russian shot. 'Ah,' said the Grand Duke, 'that is what you call a set-off, is it? Perhaps it is sufficient for you by way of courtesy, but I—however, I accept it, such as it is,' added he, smiling." Another account says, that "before his visit orders had been given to hide from view the great bell which had been brought from Sebastopol. Seeing some large object, however, covered over with a tarpaulin, the Prince asked what it was; and on observing some little hesitation on the part of the person to whom he addressed the question, he himself raised the covering, and seeing what it was, gave a melancholy smile, and said, 'I will not look at that at present, but will return another day.'"

HE KISSES EUGENIE TOO LOUD.

When he was received at the palace he gave the Empress a sailor's kiss, which was heard at the farthest end of the apartment. Eugénie looked startled, and the courtiers were in dismay; but the Emperor, laughing, said, with *bonhomie*, "*Ah, ça*, you dine with us, *en famille, eh?*"

THE BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

The *fête* which took place at the Hôtel de Ville, on the occasion of his visit, was somewhat novel in the entertainment provided. The long magnificent ball-room was turned into a theatre for operatic performances. A stage had been erected at the end of the gallery, from the base of which seats, gradually elevated, extended to the grand entrance. Soon after nine o'clock the company began to arrive. Slowly, and with infinite difficulty, you beheld the hills of crinoline struggle through the difficulties of contracted space, until a pink, and blue, and white undulating district extended from the raised theatre half way up the *salon*. Gentlemen who had expected to remain in those happy regions were not allowed to do so, and eventually all the braided coats and military uniforms were driven to the upper limbo end of the apartment, thereby obtaining an uninterrupted view of the ladies' backs as they faced the theatre. The effect of female loveliness under such circumstances (and with the present style of head-dress) was novel and curious. It is still the fashion in Paris for ladies to wear a wilderness of floral decorations on the back of the head, which consequently embowers the neck and shoulders to such an extent that only glimpses are obtained of those natural charms which ought to engage the affections of young men. Imagine 600 or 700 of those lovely creatures, with their backs turned toward you, thus beflowered and dressed in a mountain of gauze! To those who stood behind, it looked like a huge draper's shop-window, crowded with a variety of newest evening dresses, sprinkled with wreaths of flowers. When the ladies composing the parterre found that the dancing was on the point of concluding, and that they could lose but little by their absence, they, as if by one accord, rose from their seats, and with the appearance of being greatly horrified at the sight before them, prepared to quit the hall. But so well had they timed their movement, that the whole performance had concluded long before they had got half from the room.

GENERAL TODTLEBEN'S IDEAS OF DISCIPLINE.

General Todtleben is also in Paris, and anecdotes of his doings swarm. The following is from a well-known paper: Two nights ago a Russian gentleman was at a party in the Rue Royale, when he was requested by a person who knew him to descend into the street, where a fellow-countryman of his was detained by the police. He complied, and soon ascertained the cause of the man's arrest. The police had observed him stationed before a house in the Faubourg St. Honoré since sunset, and as, at two in the morning, he remained motionless at his post, they had taken him up as a suspicious character. But the man's explanation was this. He was a Russian soldier, and a servant of General Todtleben, to whom he had been attached since the siege of Silistria, at the time when the General was only captain. On the previous morning he had accompanied the General to the house before which he had been found stationed, and was ordered by his master to wait at the door. After a visit of a quarter of an hour the General drove away in the carriage of a friend, and forgot all about his servant. The latter, obedient to his orders, waited patiently at the door until the afternoon and evening had passed away; the vigilance of the police alone prevented him from persevering in his obedience to discipline. Meanwhile the General had accounted for the absence of his servant by supposing that he had lost himself in the streets of Paris. But, on the following day, the soldier reappeared, and threw himself at the knees of the General, and implored pardon for having left his post without orders. He then explained the circumstances of his removal by the police. The General listened to him attentively, and replied, "I pardon you this time; but beware should you ever again move when once I have told you to wait!" Discipline must be enforced at any cost.

BURIED ALIVE.

As some journeymen masons at Lyons were, a few mornings ago, proceeding to their work, they heard, in passing a house in the Quartier du Prado, the sound of stifled cries proceeding from a cellar, the air-hole to which had been partly closed up at the time of the inundations. They gave an alarm in the house, and after some search a poor woman, one of the inmates, was found lying on the cellar floor almost in a dying state. She had gone down three days before to fetch some charcoal, and the wind being high at the time the cellar door slammed to on her and extinguished her light. In her alarm she fainted, and had remained in the cellar four nights and three days without food of any kind. Her neighbors felt no uneasiness at not seeing her, as her occupation of a mattress-carder frequently took her from home for several days together. Every attention was paid her, and it is hoped that she will recover.

DEATH OF A POET.

M. Alfred de Musset, one of the youngest and most distinguished members of the French Academy, died a few days since after a short illness. This wretched man, who has died in the prime of his age (at 44), a martyr to drink (!), had certainly the most brilliant *début* in the world of letters that could be dreamed of. He had scarcely published a tale in prose or a hundred lines in verse before he was celebrated, and had reached a place on the very pinnacle of literary fame—a place that he richly deserved. Without the power of Hugo, or the constant elevation and idealism of Lamartine, Musset was, perhaps, more thoroughly French than either, and more entirely original than any writer of his time. In the moral tendencies and tone of Musset's productions there is always something wanting—something which points to the failings of the man, and explains the vicious element whereof the predominance has caused his death; but in the execution, in the form of what he wrote, there is such unquestionable beauty that, in spite of all his well-known irregularities of conduct, it was impossible to escape electing him a member of the Academie Français. His demise leaves another *fauteuil* pen to the intrigues and disputes of all parties.

NO. 13.

Baron Rothschild, whose marriage we illustrated some weeks ago in this journal, took a house to live in, No. 13 Rue St. George's Paris. Feeling a superstitious aversion to the unlucky number, he applied to the corporation to have it changed; and they, in consideration of 1000 francs given to the poor, allowed him to change his number to 11*bis*, or, as we should say, 11½.

HOLLAND.

ANOTHER TREASURE TROVE.

"About sixty years ago, in 1799, an English frigate, the *Lutine*, foundered between Vlieland and Terschelling, having on board an enormous treasure in gold and silver bars, intended for Russia. All the crew, with the exception of one man, perished. This man reached the shore, and communicated to some fishermen the name and destination of the vessel, but at the end of three days he died from the fatigue he had undergone. The hull became so deeply imbedded in the sand that all attempts to save any part of the treasure were fruitless. A commission was formed, and several experiments tried, on condition that the persons engaged were to have half the treasure recovered; but the outlay of money was a pure loss, and the affair at last sank into oblivion. A few days since, two fishermen discovered, near the spot where the *Lutine* foundered, a buoy floating just under water, and on pulling it up they found at the other end of it a piece of plank, on which was marked out with copper nails the word *Lutine*. As the spot where the ill-fated vessel went down is now known, it is expected that fresh, and perhaps more successful, experiments will be made to get at her treasure."

GERMANY.

DEATH FROM IMAGINATION.

A good story is told in a late number of *Nouvelle Zeitung* of a physician who tried an experiment on a criminal capitally condemned, illustrating the power of imagination. The man was permitted to see a dog bleed to death, and to observe all the symptoms of failing life as detailed by the physician, till the moment of the animal's death. Immediately after, the criminal's eyes were bandaged, and his arm pierced with a lancet, though no vein was opened. The physician went on describing the same symptoms witnessed in the dog's case, and finally pronounced the words, "Now he is dying." The man did really expire under these operations, although he had not lost a table-spoonful of blood.

THE VIRGIN TO HAVE A CLOAK.

The Princess Adalbert of Bavaria has presented her magnificent wedding-dress to the hospital of Munich to be made into a cloak for the statue of the Virgin, in the chapel of that establishment.

TURKEY.

BETROTHAL OF THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTERS.

The 23d of April was the day fixed for the Nikiah, or *fiançailles*, of the Sultan's three daughters, who had been promised in marriage some time ago to Mahmoud Pacha, son of Fethi Ahmed Pacha, Grand Master of the Artillery; Ethem Pacha, son of Mehemet Ali Pacha, Capitan Pacha; and El Hami Pacha, son of the late Abbas Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. All the harems of Constantinople had poured forth their inmates from an early hour; every window, every shop, every little nook whence it was possible to catch a view of the procession in the long distance from Dolma-Bakché to Top-Kapou was covered with Turkish women. The Sultanas left Dolma-Bakché at 11 A.M. At the head of the *cortége* was the Kislar Aga, or chief of the black eunuchs. He rode a superb charger magnificently caparisoned; he is frightfully ugly, but his dress was so brilliant, the gold was thrown over it in such profuse masses, that it staid the eye and prevented his ugliness being noticed. Then came the three Sultanas, each in a state carriage glittering with silver and gold, and drawn by horses whose trappings were also studded with silver and gold ornaments. There were eunuchs riding on all sides, and all in fine clothes and on splendid horses. Each Sultana was attended by her mother and one slave. As they drove rapidly past a blaze of diamonds flashed across the eyes. Then came the other slaves and female attendants in about thirty carriages, vying with their mistresses in the splendor of their dresses and jewels, and many far surpassing them in their charms.

THE PRESENTS.

The presents are by no means the least important part of the ceremony, and are taken to the imperial palace in great state. First, three beautiful Arab chargers, magnificently caparisoned, were led past. These were a present to the Sultan himself from his future sons-in-law. Then came the presents to the Sultanas themselves—first, sweetmeats of all sorts, contained in covered china vessels; five of these vessels are put on a tray, and a cage of hoops and gauze of various colors, trimmed gayly with ribands and flowers, covers the tray, which is borne on a man's head. A hundred such trays of sweetmeats were borne past from each bridegroom. Then came other trays, larger, ten in number, on which were placed shawls and articles of dress; ten pieces of the richest brocade of silver and gold were among the dresses offered by the El Hami Pacha, and various rich cashmere shawls. Then came two carriages, in each of which was an enormous coffer, covered with velvet and ornamented with silver plates, full of costly perfumeries. Then came the more precious articles on tea-trays, covered with a silver cage, surmounted, in those sent by El Hami Pacha, by a golden eagle with spread wings. First, the £5000 dowry was carried past in five red satin bags on five trays. Then the head-dress for the bride, which is to be worn on her wedding-day—a gold and silver knot for supporting the hair at the back of the head, and a band of velvet embroidered in brilliants and pearls, with a verse of the Koran for the front. Then the vail of silk which is thrown over the bride, embroidered in pearls and brilliants, and with no less than 700 carats of brilliants on it. Then the slippers, also one mass of pearls and diamonds, and the pattens used in the bath, covered with gold and precious stones. Then the round toilet-glass, of which the back was a plate of gold beautifully worked, and also studded with precious stones. Precious stones were scattered in profusion in all these articles of everyday use, so to speak; but now came the jewels themselves—a splendid diamond tiara, very high and long enough to go round the back of the head, with a large bunch of flowers in diamonds dropping over the right ear. This had been set in Paris, and was beautiful in design as well as costly. A pair of diamond ear-rings, with diamond drops of great size and perfectly oval shape. These gems, without an equal in the world, had been the property of El Hami Pacha's father, and had been procured for him in India. Lastly, a ring with one very large diamond, also of perfect shape and color. Numerous other articles of less importance, though of great beauty, were offered by El Hami Pacha, who spared neither money nor trouble to find presents for his bride suited to his immense wealth. It is calculated that in jewels alone he has spent over £120,000 sterling. The same articles pretty nearly were offered to the other Sultanas by Mahmoud Pacha and by Ethem Pacha; but, of course, they did not attempt to rival the riches of their future brother-in-law, El Hami Pacha. It took the same number of men to carry their presents—120 men, besides two carriages.

PERSIA.

MORE FIGHTING.

Further hostilities have occurred in Persia. A dispatch has been received stating that the city of Mohammerah was captured by the British on the 26th of April. The enemy lost 200 killed and wounded, among whom was Brigadier-General Ashelzuf, besides 17 guns and a vast amount of ammunition and military stores. The Persian Army under Shah Seadah retreated toward Abwazand Shuster in great disorder. The British forces were encamped near Mohammerah. Their loss in killed and wounded was 10. The Arab tribes were friendly, and were sending in their submission.

A telegraphic dispatch from Sir James Outram says a flying expedition to Ahevaz returned to Mohammerah on the 4th of April, completely successful. The large Persian army retired from their position and retreated rapidly toward Dizful, before the British force, which was not 400 strong. One gun was captured, and extensive military stores were seized and destroyed.

MEXICO.

SIXTY-FIVE AMERICANS SHOT.

Rumor says that Henry A. Crabb, of California, who went to settle in Sonora with sixty-four fellow-countrymen, under invitations from the Government of Mexico, was taken at Caborca, on 6th ultimo, and shot with all his party, on the pretext that they were filibusters.

The first attack was made upon the village of Caborca on the 1st ultimo, in which Captain Crabb was wounded, and eight of his men killed. Their subsequent four days' siege, during which the Sonorians were numerously reinforced. The second attack, on the 6th, when the two in which Crabb was besieged, were fired, exploding two barrels of powder, by which many were killed and wounded; their final surrender, fifty in number, at discretion; and the report that they were to be shot on the 9th.

The engagements, both on the 1st and the 6th, were severe and bloody, the Sonorians also suffering great loss, especially of officers, which left them at the close of the first day almost without command.

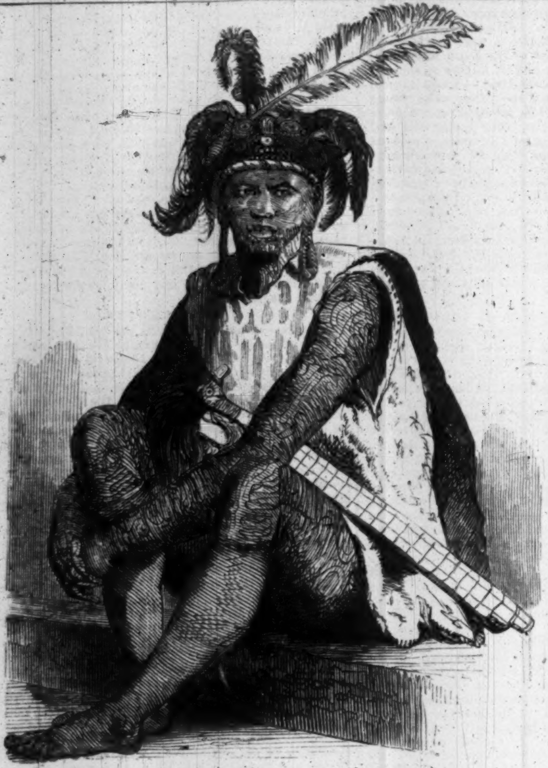
Accounts vary both as to the number of the filibusters and of the Sonorians. According to one report, the former number 150 men in all, which, deducting the fifty-nine prisoners and fourteen fugitives, would make the number of the dead seventy. There was a party of twenty-five in the vicinity near Tubutana, who, advancing at the time, had no part in the engagement. It is stated that eleven of these were taken, and at the last accounts the remaining fourteen were hotly pursued.

The force of the Sonorians on the first is estimated at 250 to 300 men; on the last day with reinforcements at 700.

Mr. Crabb was young—probably not more than thirty-five—and a man of much talent. He arrived in California not long after the discovery of the gold mines, and settling in Stockton became a prominent man there. He was a good lawyer and a first-rate politician. About the year 1853 he married a Señorita Ainsa, the daughter of a merchant in San Francisco who had removed thither from Hermozillo, in Sonora. Mr. Henry A. Crabb had engaged his passage on the vessel in which the filibuster Walker made his first foray from San Francisco upon the unfortunate Lower Californians; but after the vessel had arrived at the mouth of the harbor, Crabb discovered that the expedition was so evidently hostile in its character, that he could not go in it without being compromised, and he returned to San Francisco in a tug, pilot, or perhaps a small boat.

NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL.

President Comonfort has returned to the capital from Tacubaya. There is an active canvass going on among the candidates for the Presidency and seats in Congress and on the bench of the Supreme Court. General Comonfort and Senor Lordo Tejada are the most popular candidates for the executive chair. The Archbishop is dangerously ill. Santa Anna's friends are intriguing for his restoration to power. The new Ministers to Brussels and Berlin are about to leave. The Minister to Rome left on the 5th instant. It is thought that a State reconciliation with the Pope would be effected. Two millions of dollars in specie have been shipped from Vera Cruz for England.



TATTOOED DYAK; WITH PENDULOUS EAR-LOBES.

THE REBELLION IN BORNEO—A BRITISH WALKER.

THE papers during the past week have been full of accounts of the recent outbreak in the Island of Borneo, and of the narrow escape of the Governor of Sarawak, Sir James Brooke. We have thought that a few illustrations of the affair would be timely.

The history of Sir James Brooke, who is as near an approach to our own General Walker of Nicaragua as can be imagined, is striking and novel. The son of an old East India Company's servant, he was himself a cadet in the service of that Power at an early age, and distinguished himself in the Burmese war, until, one unlucky day, he was shot through the body, and forced to return to England to recruit his health. At the age of twenty-seven he went to China. On the way he visited some of the Indian islands, and was struck by their capacity for intelligent filibusterism. Full of the idea, he returned home, and set about forming a crew of filibusters. It took him several years to raise funds, muster reliable men, and collect the information he required. In 1838 he sailed from England in a schooner of 142 tons, carrying twenty men, and mounting six guns. We are not told that he was molested by any sheriff's officers bent on carrying out neutrality laws. Walker was obliged to carry off the sheriff's officer when he set sail from San Francisco in the *Vesta* with his forty-six men. They order these things differently in England.

After a cruise among the islands of the Indian Archipelago, he pitched upon Sarawak, a region in Borneo, as the most promising site for his operations. It is, indeed, a magnificent tract of country, producing almost every thing from rice to wheat, with gold, tin, antimony, iron, coal, and diamonds. A better place than Nicaragua, without doubt; but in this hemisphere filibusters must be content with what they can get.

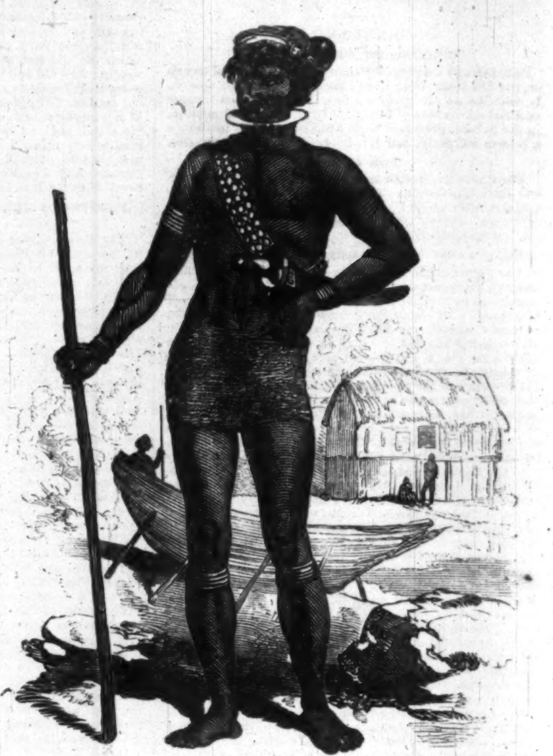
When Sir James arrived he found the Rajah at war with about half his subjects; the latter being, we presume, a sort of Borneon Democrats, while the Rajah's party would have been called Serviles by the Central Americans. Sir James inquired about the war.

"Oh," said the Rajah, "there is nothing in it; it is only a few of my subjects who are amusing themselves."

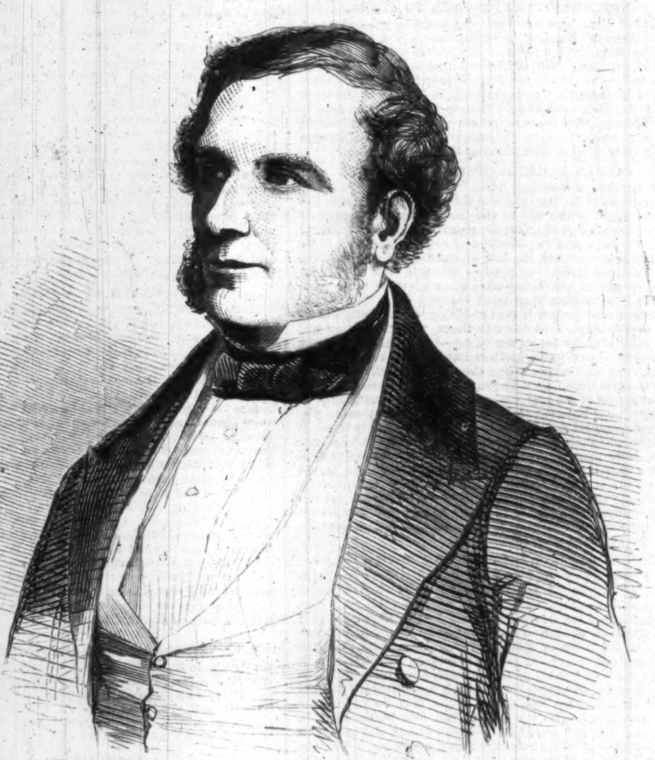
Finding his Highness in this humor, Sir James took notes of the country, and went on his ways for two years. He returned in 1840. There was then, says he in his journal, "much talk of bringing the war to a close." Mudah Hassim, the native Rajah or Deputy-Governor, "urged him not to desert him;" very much, we presume, in the language used by the Democratic leaders of Nicaragua when Walker proposed to return home after a month's service. After serious and anxious inquiry, he admitted that there were "strong and cogent reasons for his remaining there for a time;" so he staid. He "looked upon the cause of the Rajah as just and righteous;" so he took the command of the army, and thrashed the enemy heartily. Each party, by-the-way, called the other pirates; and they were probably both right.

Sir James then says that the Rajah, Mudah Hassim, offered to give him the rajahship of the country. The conscientious filibuster weighed the matter long. "Can I, as an English gentleman," says he, "desert this confiding Rajah? Can I leave these poor people to the horrors of slavery, and what not?" Of course he couldn't. He accepted the offer, and duly became Rajah or Governor of the territory of Sarawak, "with the fullest powers," on 24th September, 1841.

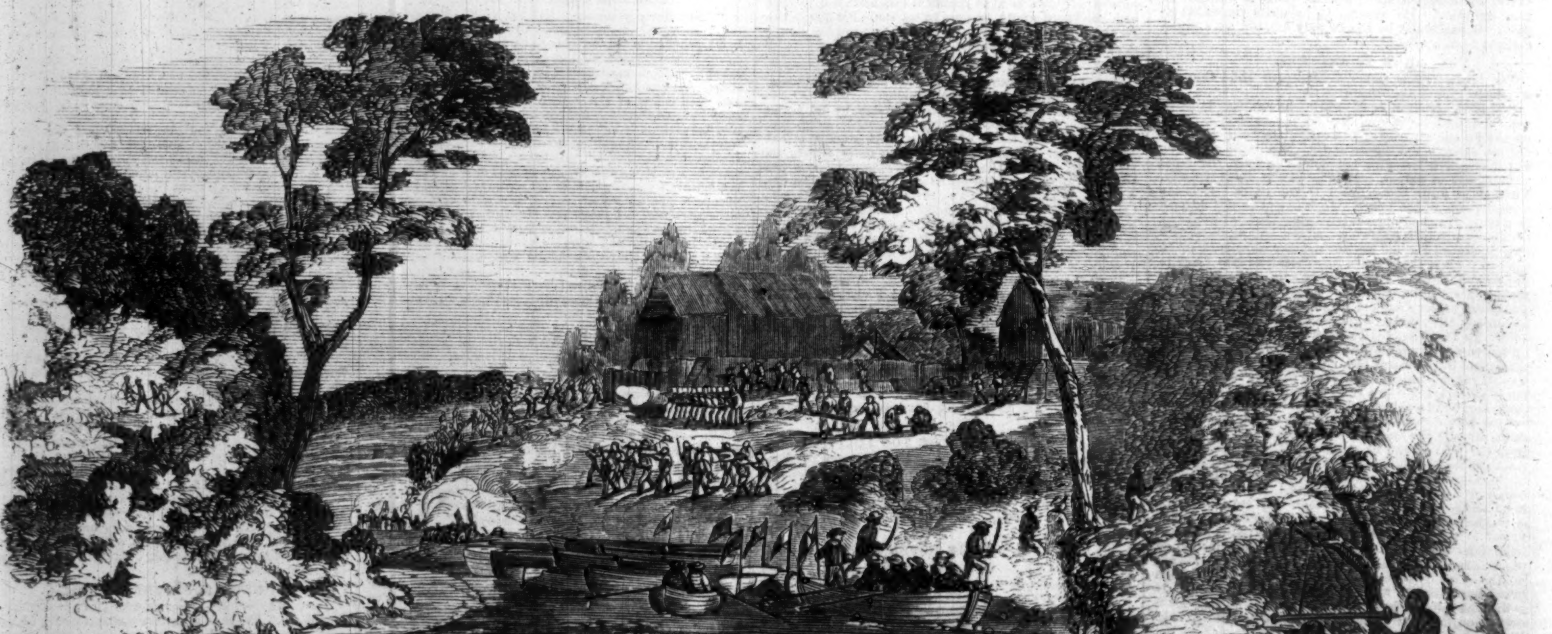
Lest any simple American should sympathize with the ex-Rajah, we will give an anecdote of his procedure. One of the bravest and noblest of the Borneon chiefs was a young man named Si Tundo. He fell in love with a girl belonging to a personage connected with the Rajah, named Macota. The girl returned his passion, and fled to her lover. Macota, indignant at the loss of his slave, summoned Si Tundo before the Rajah, and obtained a judgment restoring the girl to him, but ordering him to give her to her lover so soon as Si Tundo tendered the sum at which she was appraised. The young chief exhausted himself in efforts to "raise the wind;" failing, he went with a relation to the house where his love was confined, and would have carried her off but for a general muster of the Rajah's forces in defense of Macota's property. To answer for this breach of the peace, Si Tundo and his relative were summoned before the Rajah. They knew their man. They went, but took care to avoid the throng, to keep their sarongs clear of the handle of their kreeses, and to squat on their hams ready for defense, instead of sitting cross-legged, according to custom. The bold attitude of the culprits awed the Court; there were no six men there who dared face Si Tundo with his kreese in his hand. The Rajah was, accordingly, complaisant. As the lover's chief fear was that his enemy, Macota, would forestall him, by making his slave his wife by force, he obtained an order from the Rajah that the lady should be sequestrated in the hands of a third party, who was to give her up when Si Tundo tendered him the requisite sum. Furthermore, the Rajah made infinite professions of friendship to the young chief. This promised well. The lover was encouraged. He raised more money; he borrowed from his friends; he begged from his relatives; he stripped himself. With all his efforts he raised a considerable sum, but still less than the amount stipulated. He was in despair. The Rajah then offered him another girl, fair and lovely, in exchange for Macota's slave; he spurned the proposal. He loved her; her he would have, or none. There lacked just fifty reals of the sum he was to tender; an official of the Rajah's, who had had his instructions from the beginning, intimated to Si Tundo that if he would meet him at such a place such a day, with the friend who had assisted him in his enterprise,



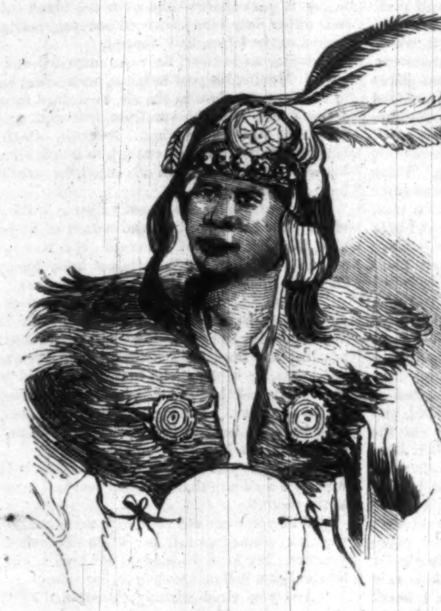
HERD-HUNTING BORNEON.



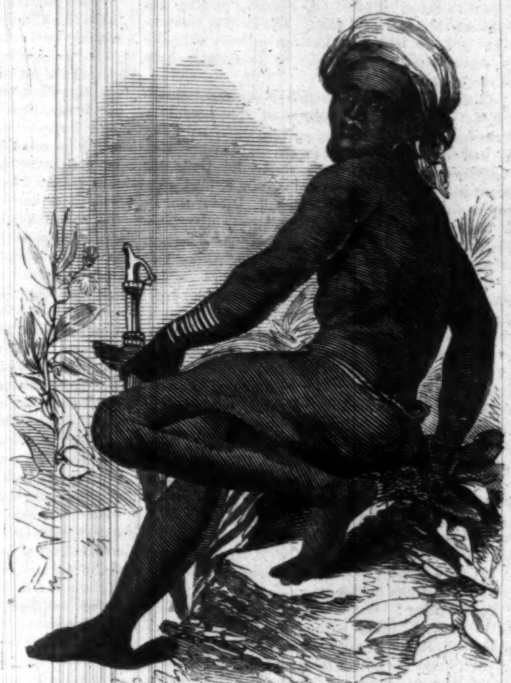
SIR JAMES BROOKE, RAJAH OF SARAWAK.



THE ATTACK IN THE JUNGLE.



NATIVE OF BORNEO IN KAYAN WAR-DRESS.



NATIVE OF BORNEO.

and give up his own and his friend's gold-hilted kreeses, they would be received in full discharge of the balance wanting. Suspecting no trick, and boiling with impatience to rejoin his loved one, the young chief agreed. He had no sooner handed over his kreese, and left himself unarmed, than a dozen executioners fell upon him, and stabbed him where he stood.

"You have taken me by treachery; openly you could not have seized me," said the bold young chief, as they thrust weapon after weapon into his body.

When Mr. Brooke became Governor of Sarawak he found over one hundred women and children in prison, and had some difficulty in persuading the native officials that he was doing right in setting them free.

Within a few weeks after his installation as Governor, Mr. Brooke began to issue decrees which remind one wonderfully of Walker's. They ran:

"James Brooke, Esquire, Governor of Sarawak, makes known to all men the following regulations, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. The Governor issues these commands, and will enforce obedience to them."

In the course of a few months he had the satisfaction of noting a decided increase of population and prosperity in the settlement. With his Anglo-Saxon notions he had introduced a startling novelty in the shape of equal justice, and had actually enforced the new notion that murder and robbery were wrong. In the altered society to which these innovations gave rise, agriculture and industry took a startling development.

Not content with this, Mr. Brooke undertook to reconcile the various races of which the population of his empire consisted. These were, to pass over subdivisions, the aboriginal Dyaks, a semi-savage race who are suspected of cannibalism, and who certainly preserve the smoked heads of their victims as trophies of victory; the Malay conquerors, who, having crossed over from the peninsula, subjugated the Dyaks in times gone by, and subjected them to all kinds of suffering; and the Chinese, who had settled in the territory of Sarawak in large numbers, and monopolized the trade of the country. The latter were almost invariably the rich men of each town or village, the Dyaks, the Helots—the Malays the fighting men. It required a good deal of perseverance and tact to satisfy the Malays that they could not cut a Dyak's head off with impunity, or a Chinaman that it was not right to take the pretty daughter of a native in payment for a debt of a few dollars; but Sir James had the qualities required, and he succeeded.

With the native laws of marriage Sir James did not interfere. All that he insisted upon was that no lawless violence or homicide should accompany love affairs. How necessary this rule was, the adventure of his friend Dr. Treach may show. The Doctor, a very good-looking and rather vain youth, was "up the country" with an expedition, when a messenger accosted him privately, saying that one of the ladies of our old friend Macota's harem desired to speak with him that evening after dark. Dr. Treach was in ecstasies at his *bonne fortune*. He had much to do to restrain himself from communicating the adventure to his companions; but on due reflection he decided that it would be dishonorable to betray the confidence of the fair lady whom he seemed to have captivated. He held his peace. At the hour appointed he dressed himself in the most elaborate manner and went to the trysting spot. There, after a few moments, the lady duly appeared. His heart beat quick as the thought flashed upon him that she might be an old beldame; but on a close inspection by the light of the moon he saw that she was young and pretty. He was in the seventh heaven, and could hardly restrain his ardor. But the lady rather abruptly checked his enthusiastic proceedings.

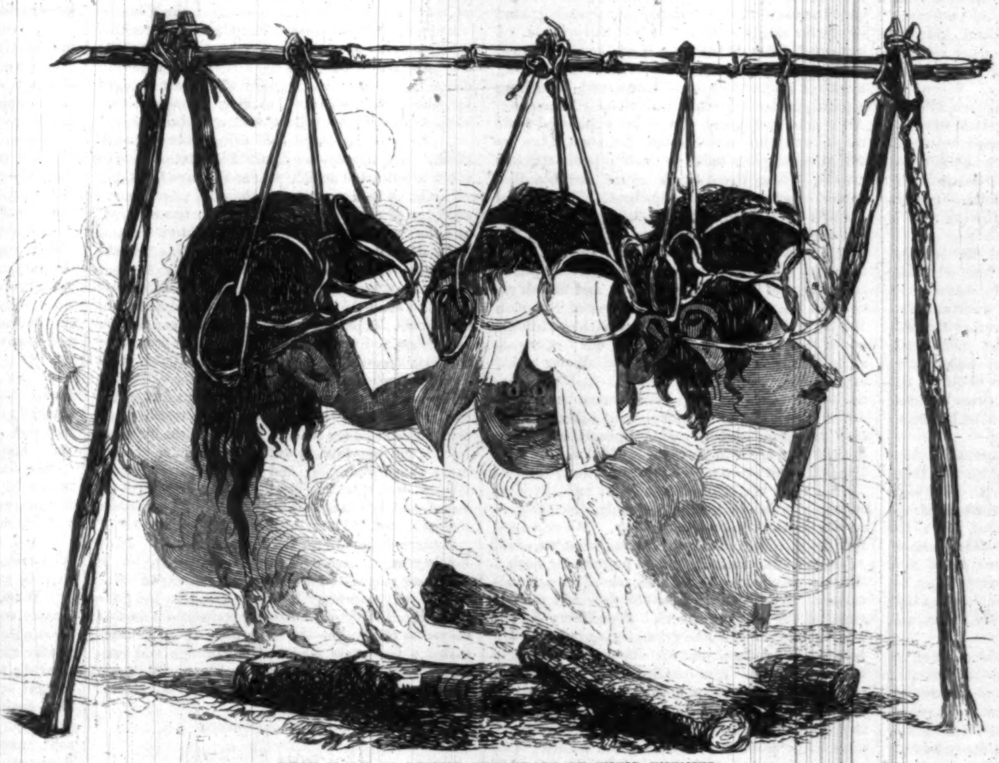
"Are you really a doctor?" said she.

"Of course; and I love you—"

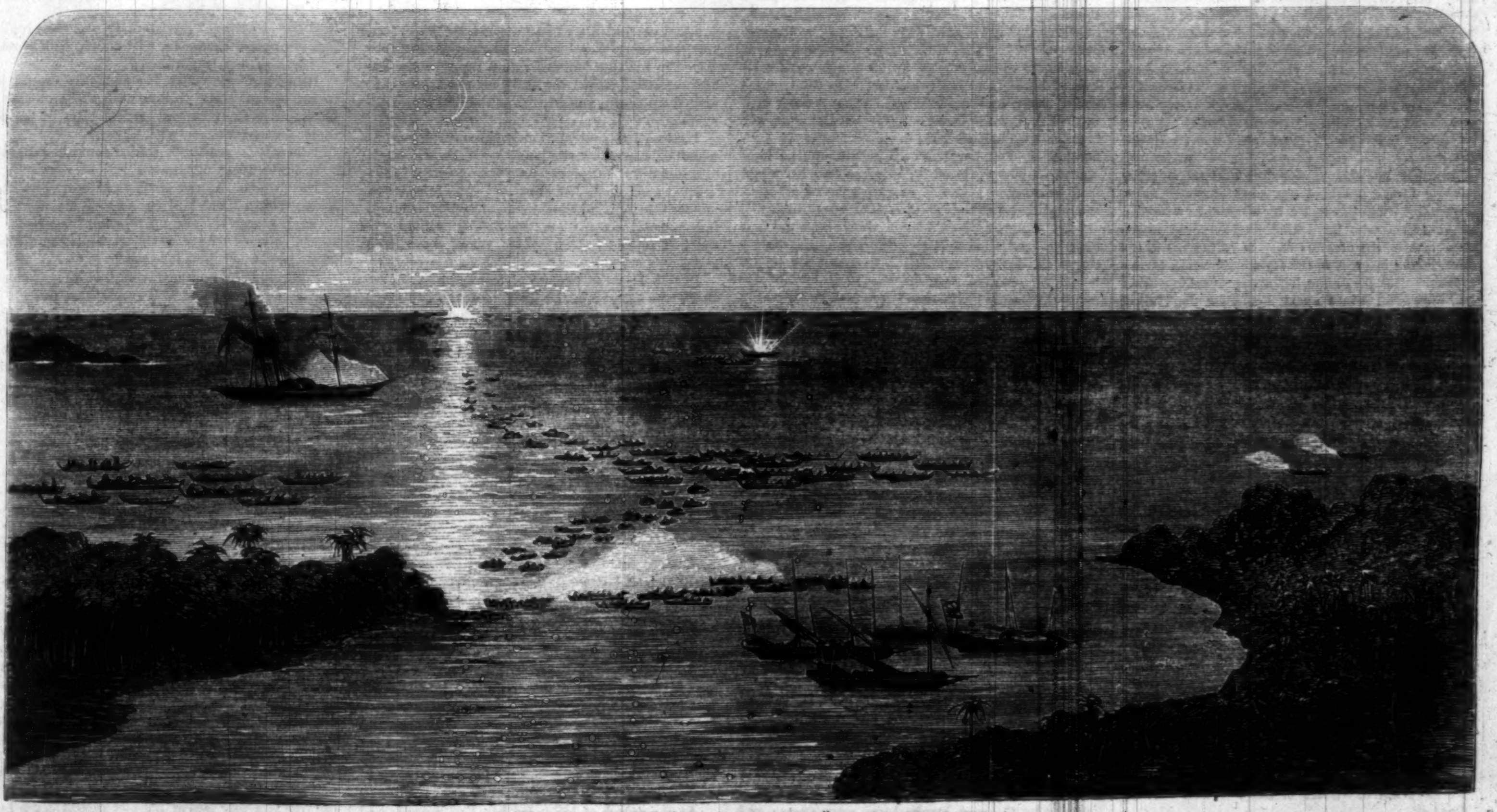
"Then give me some arsenic to poison that old wretch Macota, who maltreats me cruelly."

Dr. Treach's love adventure is still a standing joke at Singapore.

Every reader who has an acquaintance with the history of the Malayan straits and the Indian Archipelago is aware that the normal avocation of the native races is war and piracy. They are all more or less pirates, and prey upon each other. The policy of the East India Company has usually been to pronounce the stronger party in a contest emphatically "pirates," to espouse the cause of the weaker, intervene in the contest, and take the country in dispute, or an equivalent, as the price of intervention. Very similar was the course of Rajah Brooke, who, with the aid of some of her Majesty's vessels, con-



DYAK MODE OF DRYING THE HEADS OF THEIR ENEMIES.



APPEARANCE OF THE "SIR JAMES BROOKE" AMONG THE PRAHUS.

trived to demolish plenty of Borneon pirates, and to make the enterprise pay. The British Government got the island of Labuan—a very valuable possession, *with fine coal-beds on it*—as their share of the plunder.

In the year 1845 the British Government recognized the filibuster Brooke, and appointed him British agent for Borneo. How differently the United States have acted in the like case! But contrasts meet us at every step. Read the account given by the ineffable Captain Keppel of a return from an expedition which, had it been performed by Americans, or indeed by any other people, would assuredly have been pronounced an act of piracy.

"On our return from our fortunate war expedition," says he, "a curious ceremony awaited us. The chief's three wives advanced to meet us, with their female relatives all richly and prettily dressed in sarongs suspended from the waist and silken scarfs worn gracefully over one shoulder, just exposing as much of their well-shaped persons as they thought becoming. Each of these ladies threw a handful of yellow rice over us, repeating mystical verses, *and reciting our heroic deeds*, then sprinkled our heads with gold-dust. One of these ladies—named Inda—was young, pretty, and graceful. She brought her portion of gold-dust in a piece of paper, from which she took a pinch, and in reaching to sprinkle some over my head, *she, by accident, put the prettiest little foot on my hand; and as she wore neither shoes nor stockings, she did not hurt me sufficiently to withdraw it.*"

Poor Walker! Wonder what experience he has had of pretty little feet without shoes or stockings!

In 1847, Rajah Brooke continuing to extend his authority and to civilize more and more of the island of Borneo, portions of the people—Malays and Dyaks—rose against him. The same phenomenon in Central America is familiar to our readers. But the issue was widely different in the two cases. When the Spanish hybrids of Central America rose against the civilization of Walker and his forces, it was from the United States that they obtained money to carry on the war. When the Malays and Dyaks of Borneo rose against Filibuster Brooke, the only thing they received from the British was a squadron sent post haste from Singapore, which bombarded them right and left, and did not relax its exertions till the "insurrection" was thoroughly quelled, and the "pirates" (people are always pirates who object to British rule in Asia) decimated.

But the fight was not only with the pirates. Just as in this country the rump of the old Whig party have vied with foreigners in denouncing Walker as a pirate and a vagabond, a certain aimless, querulous party in England, called Liberal-Radicals, with the late Joe Hume at their head, assailed Filibuster Brooke with furious vehemence. Parliament, the press, and the periodicals denounced him. Brooke was in a better position than Walker. We suspect, too, that he has more stuff in him.

Seeing the attack serious, he just took ship, went to England, and opened fire on his foes there as he had upon the Malays of Borneo. And with the like success. The dry old growlers of the House of Commons quaked before him, just as the growlers of our Whig papers would quake if Walker appeared in the flesh in the City of New York. Filibuster Brooke carried every thing before him. When he left England, he bore the title of Knight, Governor of the Island of Labuan, and Resident Agent to the Court of Borneo.

Thus fortified, he pursued his filibusterism on an extended scale. Certain Dyak and Malay tribes in the vicinity of the British settlement at Sarawak—a sort of Costa Ricans, in short—protested against the forcible civilization offered by the British filibuster. Sir James Brooke was not dependent on the obscure efforts of nameless recruiting agents for aid. He made a requisition on the commanding officer of the British fleet on the Singapore station, and obtained the force he desired. With this he attacked the enemy. They numbered 150 vessels and perhaps 7500 men. His force was much less, but it was Anglo-Saxon. The end of the fight was the utter ruin of the "pirates," *with a loss of 5000 men. After this, Filibuster Brooke sailed up the river where they lived—the Serebas—and burned all their villages!*

This was in 1849. From that time to the present Sir James has held the reins of government peaceably. He has had a little trouble with the missionaries, who have kindly endeavored to relieve him of the onerous duty of ruling his kingdom, in the interest of the future salvation of the Dyaks. But Sir James has a way of taking these gentlemen on board ships bound for the United States or Liverpool, and bidding them good-by, with a recommendation to the captain; and this has been found to answer. The territory of Sarawak and the island of Labuan have prospered to an unexampled extent under his rule. The population of the former has decupled, and the people now occupy themselves exclusively with agriculture, industry, and mining, instead of their old diversions of throat-cutting and plunder. Labuan—which was comparatively a desert before the English seized it—loaded last year over 1500 vessels. The population of the town of Sarawak, Sir James's capital, was, fifteen years ago, a few hundred souls; it is now 12,000. The Government is supported partly by a monopoly of the growth of opium, which is freely exported to China, and partly by a royalty on antimony. The revenue is said to be very large; no one but Sir James Brooke knows its actual amount.

We are approaching contemporaneous events. In November of last year, as every one knows, a conflict occurred between the Chinese and the English at Canton. The collision aroused all the latent hatred of the Chinese against the English. Emissaries from Canton traversed the whole coast country, arousing their countrymen to hostility. Of their success in China Proper and at Singapore we have heard. Some of them crossed over into Borneo.

They seem to have made a curious arrangement with the Chinese residents. These are said to number 5000 souls, of whom a large portion are engaged in digging for gold. Latterly the gold diggings have proved less productive than usual; and the diggers have felt grievously incensed against Sir James Brooke for enforcing against them, in their impoverished condition, the stringent laws which he established when they were prosperous. They were for the utter demolition of the English. Not so the Chinese traders, who have shrewdness enough to know the value of stable government and even-handed Anglo-Saxon justice. To conciliate the opposing views a compromise seems to have been effected, in pursuance of which the traders consented to the murder of Sir James on condition that the miners agreed to leave the Government in the hands of Bishop M'Dougall and the other English residents unconnected with Rajah Brooke. This bargain concluded, operations were commenced on 17th February last. We give them in the graphic narrative of Sir James himself:

"I had been unwell for some days, and on the night of the 18th retired early to bed. My servant was sleeping in a room near mine, and Mr. Steele and Nicholets occupied a small bungalow close by. Between twelve and one o'clock I was awakened by yells and shots; and, seizing my sword and revolver, I opened a window, and saw that the house was surrounded. The noise told me it was by Chinese. I opened door by door in the hope of finding means for escape, but in vain. I told Penty [his native servant] that our deaths were at hand, and, as the last hope, went down to the bathing-room, which was under repair. The door was not fastened. I opened it gently, and, seeing the way clear, ran across the lawn to the creek on the right hand of the house, and took the water close under the bows of the boat which had brought the murderers to their bloody work. I carried my sword and pistol across with me. Glad was I to touch ground on the far side, though not above thirty yards. I struggled through the deep mud, and lay down, exhausted and panting, in the road. Recovering breath, I got to the nearest house, and, launching a canoe, pulled up to the Datoo Bandar's kampong. All was in confusion. I was too exhausted to do much, and Hercules himself could not have restored courage or order to such a panic-stricken crowd. Here Crookshank joined me, bleeding from a severe sword-cut in the arm. He believed his wife to be dead, and we both apprehended that the massacre would be general. My house, Arthur's, and Middleton's were long before this in flames. We got the women and children across the river, and Arthur, Crookshank, and myself retired to the same side, to the house of Nakodah Bryak. Here Crymble joined us with the intelligence that, after an hour's defense, our fort or palisade had been taken, and with it all our guns, small arms, ammunition, etc. It had been defended by Crymble, with four men and two prisoners; three of the defenders were killed, one or two wounded, and Crymble himself had been grazed by a spear in his side. Middleton, Steele, Ruppell, and Penty dropped in one after another. The bright fires went out, and the dull morning broke at length, but only disclosing to us the hopeless state of our affairs. We remained quietly at Nakodah Bryak's, doing what we could to animate the natives, and to prepare for such a defense as our means allowed, should we be attacked. I may here relate the fate and misfortunes of our fellow-sufferers. Poor Harry Nicholets was murdered on the grass, trying to reach my house. Crookshank and his wife escaped by their bath-room door. She ran first, and he protected her retreat with a spear in his hand; but, in passing the stable, one of these villains rushed from the opposite side and cut her down. Her husband jobbed his spear into the miscreant's back; but with a twist of his body he wrenched it out, and, seizing the shaft, he struggled to get the spear. Suddenly, however, letting go with his right hand, in which he held a short sword, he cut Crookshank across the fleshy part of the arm. Both staggered, both let go the spear, and Crookshank, weak with loss of blood, and believing his wife dead, staggered away and reached me. She, young and beautiful, lay for twelve hours weltering in her blood, conscious and calm in this extremity. One fiend hacked at her head till he cut off the long tresses which protected it; another tore her rings from her fingers; a third—for the sake of our common nature let it be told—gave her water to drink. By this time the remainder of the Europeans had been assured of protection; but when the Bishop asked the leader's permission to carry her to his house, he was told that she should be left to perish. At length the boon was granted, and she was relieved and tended, and is now, God be praised, recovering. Middleton's house was attacked at the same time and in the same manner as the others. He escaped with difficulty. His poor little wife, hid in a bakery till the burning rafters fell about her, and from her concealment saw the assailants kicking about the head of her eldest child. The mother was paralyzed; she wished, she said, to rush out, but could not move. The youngest child was murdered and thrown into the flames, where poor Wellington's remains were likewise consumed—his head borne off in triumph alone attesting his previous murder."

After describing his vain attempts to regain permanent possession of the forts, Sir James goes on to say that at last the steamer *Sir James Brooke* hove in sight from Singapore, and he boarded her.

"Here was the very base for our operations we wanted. We drove the miscreants out of the town, found the Datoo in a cluster of prahus, and heard that he had recaptured nine sam-pans and one of our prahus containing stores of powder, some guns, etc., of which we were in great want. This was the first blow struck at the Chinese. Their body of men was nearly annihilated; for taking the jungle behind the town or making off by the road, as they had no boats to carry them away, they were cut off by the Dyaks or starved. My next measure was to let the land Dyaks loose upon them; and within a circuit of thirty miles from Siniawan, Bau, and Bula, they were driven into their defenses with great loss of life, and all communication between Bau and Siniawan prevented, excepting by means of large parties of armed men. Night and day they were harassed by alarms; every straggler was cut down; in short, it was a guerrilla warfare of the most harassing character, and quite shut the enemy up in their two places of strength, Bau and Siniawan. The want of food was sure to do the rest, and it was a mere question of time how long they could hold out. Early in the month the Chinese again came forth in five prahus, and began ravaging the banks of the river. I was collecting my people, and reassuring them after their panic. The Datoo Bundar on the 9th was, in a single Malay prahu, on the look-out at Linda Tarak, when this Chinese party came there. They declined an engagement on the water, but landed and threw up a stockade, which they defended with four guns and manned with about 250 men armed with muskets and rifles. The Datoo came down himself in a small boat, and by one o'clock on the 10th we got off two more large prahus, some thirty Dyak bangkongs as a reserve. These three prahus ranged themselves in line and dashed at the Chinese stockade, landed sword in hand, and carried it without a check. The Dyaks cut the Chinese to pieces in the jungle, and the half hour before sunset cost our enemies from 100 to 120 men. Again the remnant was distressed in the jungle. Our party returned; had it ascended the river, no man, woman, or child of our enemies would have escaped death or capture. This defeated party consisted of their picked men, and their two great leaders were killed in the stockade. A panic now seized them. On the night of the 11th I heard that Balidah and Simovar had been abandoned; and hurrying up the following morning, the intelligence greeted me that Bank was likewise deserted, and had been burned, and that the Chinese were in full retreat toward Sambas. This took us by surprise; but our force got upon their trail on the 13th, and, after three days' desultory fighting, drove them across the frontier with great slaughter, the enemy, however, making a desperate resistance in defense of the women and children, and the efforts of our people not being able to break them. Had twenty-four hours' delay intervened to allow a concerted attack, we should have had them all; but as it is we may be thankful; for a mere remnant of the body of Chinese men has escaped, and the capture of the women and children was not to be desired. Even now, however, this wretched mass, driven to the further side of the Sambas River, must suffer great loss, and may altogether perish in the wild jungle for want of food and from exposure. Thus the punishment has been almost as sudden and far more sharp than the treachery and first success of this miscreant body. A thousand and more have been killed in different places, their flourishing settlements destroyed, and not a roof-tree to cover their dastard heads in the country. The numbers starved in their flight by being lost in the jungle it is difficult to reckon; but it must be considerable; and out of a population of 4000 or 5000, certainly not more than 2000 have escaped, and half this number is composed of women and children. The punishment has been severe."

Severe indeed, but doubtless humane. Phlebotomy is becoming obsolete in surgery, but it will long retain its fame as a political expedient.

It is only necessary to add to this, that the force with which Sir James Brooke performed this feat consisted of Dyaks—the same men whom he decimated a few years since. The courage and constancy with which they stood by him on this occasion shows the ultimate effect of judicious filibusterism.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND. THE TELLING OF THE SECRET.

Fold by fold Rosamond opened the paper, and saw that there were written characters inside it, traced in ink that had faded to a light yellow hue. She smoothed it out carefully on the table—then took it up again, and looked at the first line of the writing.

The first line contained only three words—words which told her that the paper with the writing on it was not a description of a picture, but a letter; words which made her start and change color the moment her eye fell upon them. Without attempting to read any further, she hastily turned over the leaf to find out the place where the writing ended.

It ended at the bottom of the third page; but there was a break in the lines, near the foot of the second page, and in that break there were two names signed. She looked at the uppermost of the two—started again—and turned back instantly to the first page.

Line by line, and word by word, she read through the writing; her natural complexion fading out gradually the while, and a dull, equal whiteness overspreading all her face in its stead. When she had come to the end of the third page, the hand in which she held the letter dropped to her side, and she turned her head slowly toward Leonard. In that position she stood—no tears moistening her eyes, no change passing over her features, no word escaping her lips, no movement varying the position of her limbs—in that position she stood, with the fatal letter crumpled up in her cold fingers, looking steadfastly, speechlessly, breathlessly at her blind husband.

He was still sitting, as she had seen him a few minutes before, with his legs crossed, his hands clasped together in front of them, and his head turned expectantly in the direction in which he had last heard the sound of his wife's voice. But, in a few moments, the intense stillness in the room forced itself upon his attention. He changed his position—listened for a little, turning his head uneasily from side to side, and then called to his wife.

"Rosamond!"

At the sound of his voice her lips moved, and her fingers closed faster on the paper that they held; but she neither stepped forward nor spoke.

"Rosamond!"

Her lips moved again—faint traces of expression began to pass shadow-like over the blank whiteness of her face—she advanced one step, hesitated, looked at the letter, and stopped.

Hearing no answer, he rose, surprised and uneasy. Moving his poor helpless, wandering hands to and fro before him in the air, he walked forward a few paces, straight out from the wall against which he had been sitting. A chair, which his hands were not held low enough to touch, stood in his way; and, as he still advanced, he struck his knee sharply against it.

A cry burst from Rosamond's lips, as if the pain of the blow had passed, at the instant of its infliction, from her husband to herself. She was by his side in a moment. "You are not hurt, Lenny?" she said, faintly.

"No, no." He tried to press his hand on the place where he had struck himself, but she knelt down quickly, and put her own hand there instead; nestling her head against him, while she was on her knees, in a strangely hesitating, timid way. He lightly laid the hand which she had intercepted on her shoulder. The moment it touched her, her eyes began to soften; the tears rose in them, and fell slowly one by one down her cheeks.

"I thought you had left me," he said. "There was such a silence that I fancied you had gone out of the room."

"Will you come out of it with me now?" Her strength seemed to fail her while she asked the question; her head drooped on her breast, and she let the letter fall on the floor at her side.

"Are you tired already, Rosamond? Your voice sounds as if you were."

"I want to leave the room," she said, still in the same low, faint, constrained tone. "Is your knee easier, dear? Can you walk now?"

"Certainly. There is nothing in the world the matter with my knee. If you are tired, Rosamond—as I know you are, though you may not confess it—the sooner we leave the room the better."

She appeared not to hear the last words he said. Her fingers were working feverishly about her neck and bosom; two bright red spots were beginning to burn in her pale cheeks; her eyes were fixed vacantly on the letter at her side; her hands wavered about it before she picked it up. For a few seconds she waited on her knees, looking at it intently, with her head turned away from her husband—then rose and walked to the fire-place. Among the dust, ashes, and other rubbish at the back of the grate were scattered some old, torn pieces of paper. They caught her eye, and held it fixed on them. She looked and looked, slowly bending down nearer and nearer to the grate. For one moment she held the letter out over the rubbish in both hands—the next she drew back, shuddering violently, and turned round so as to face her husband again. At the sight of him, a faint, inarticulate exclamation, half sigh, half sob, burst from her. "Oh, no, no," she whispered to herself, clasping her hands together fervently, and looking at him with fond, mournful eyes. "Never, never, Lenny—come of it what may!"

"Were you speaking to me, Rosamond?"

"Yes, love. I was saying—" she paused, and, with trembling fingers, folded up the paper again, exactly in the form in which she had found it.

"Where are you?" he asked. "Your voice sounds away from me, at the other end of the room again. Where are you?"

She ran to him, flushed, and trembling, and tearful; took him by the arm; and, without an instant of hesitation, without the faintest sign of irresolution in her face, placed the folded paper boldly in his hand. "Keep that, Lenny," she said, turning deadly pale, but still not losing her firmness. "Keep that, and ask me to read it to you as soon as we are out of the Myrtle Room."

"What is it?" he asked.

"The last thing I have found, love," she replied, looking at him earnestly, with a deep sigh of relief.

"Is it of any importance?"

Instead of answering, she suddenly caught him to her bosom, clung to him with all the fervor of her impulsive nature, and breathlessly and passionately covered his face with kisses.

"Gently! gently!" said Leonard, laughing. "You take away my breath."

She drew back, and stood looking at him in silence, with a hand laid on each of his shoulders. "Oh, my angel!" she murmured, tenderly. "I would give all I have in the world, if I could only know how much you love me."

"Surely," he returned, still laughing, "surely, Rosamond, you ought to know by this time."

"I shall know soon." She spoke those words in tones so quiet and low that they were barely audible. Interpreting the change in her voice as a fresh indication of fatigue, Leonard invited her to lead him away by holding out his hand. She took it in silence, and guided him slowly to the door.

On their way back to the inhabited side of the house, she said nothing more on the subject of the folded piece of paper which she had placed in his hands. All her attention, while they were returning to the west front, seemed to be absorbed in the one act of jealously watching every inch of ground that he walked over, to make sure that it was safe and smooth before she suffered him to set his foot on it. Careful and considerate as she had always been, from the first day of their married life, whenever she led him from one place to another, she was now unduly, almost absurdly, anxious to preserve him from the remotest possibility of an accident. Finding that he was the nearest to the outside of the open landing, when they left the Myrtle Room, she insisted on changing places, so that he might be nearest to the wall. While they were descending the stairs, she stopped him in the middle, to inquire if he felt any pain in the knee which he had struck against the chair. At the last step she brought him to a stand-still again, while she moved away the torn and tangled remains of an old mat, for fear one of his feet should catch in it.

Walking across the north hall, she entreated that he would take her arm and lean heavily upon her, because she felt sure that his knee was not quite free from stiffness yet. Even at the short flight of stairs which connected the entrance to the hall with the passages leading to the west side of the house, she twice stopped him on the way down, to place his foot on the sound parts of the steps, which she represented as dangerously worn away in more places than one. He laughed good-humoredly at her excessive anxiety to save him from all danger of stumbling, and asked if there was any likelihood, with their numerous stoppages, of getting back to the west side of the house in time for lunch. She was not ready, as usual, with her retort; his laugh found no pleasant echo in hers; she only answered that it was impossible to be too anxious about him; and then went on in silence till they reached the door of the housekeeper's room.

Leaving him for a moment outside, she went in to give the keys back again to Mrs. Pentreath.

"Dear me, ma'am!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "you look quite overcome by the heat of the day, and the close air of those old rooms. Can I get you a glass of water, or may I give you my bottle of salts?"

Rosamond declined both offers.

"May I be allowed to ask, ma'am, if any thing has been found this time in the north rooms?" inquired Mrs. Pentreath, hanging up the bunch of keys.

"Only some old papers," replied Rosamond, turning away.

"I beg pardon, again, ma'am," pursued the housekeeper; "but, in case any of the gentry of the neighborhood should call to-day?"

"We are engaged. No matter who it may be, we are both engaged." Answering briefly in these terms, Rosamond left Mrs. Pentreath, and rejoined her husband.

With the same excess of attention and care which she had shown on the way to the housekeeper's room, she now led him up the west stair-case. The library door happening to stand open, they passed through it on their way to the drawing-room, which was the larger and cooler apartment of the two. Having guided Leonard to a seat, Rosamond returned to the library, and took from the table a tray containing a bottle of water, and a tumbler, which she had noticed when she passed through.

"I may feel faint as well as frightened," she said quickly to herself, turning round with the tray in her hand to return to the drawing-room.

After she had put the water down on a table in a corner, she noiselessly locked first the door leading into the library, then the door leading into the passage. Leonard, hearing her moving about, advised her to keep quiet on the sofa. She patted him gently on the cheek, and was about to make some suitable answer, when she accidentally beheld her face reflected in the looking-glass under which he was sitting. The sight of her own white cheeks and startled eyes suspended the words on her lips. She hastened away to the window, to catch any breath of air that might be wafted toward her from the sea.

The heat-mist still hid the horizon. Nearer, the oily, colorless surface of the water was just visible, heaving slowly from time to time in one vast monotonous wave that rolled itself out smoothly and endlessly till it was lost in the white obscurity of the mist. Close on the shore, the noisy surf was hushed. No sound came from the beach except at long, wearily long intervals, when a quick thump, and a still splash, just audible and no more, announced the fall of one tiny, mimic wave upon the parching sand. On the terrace in front of the house, the changeless hum of summer insects was all that told of life and movement. Not a human figure was to be seen any where on the shore; no sign of a sail loomed shadowy through the heat at sea; no breath of air waved the light tendrils of the creepers that twined up the house-wall, or refreshed the drooping flowers ranged in the windows. Rosamond turned away from the outer prospect, after a moment's weary contemplation of it. As she looked into the room again, her husband spoke to her.

"What precious thing lies hidden in this paper?" he asked, producing the letter, and smiling as he opened it. "Surely there must be something besides writing—some inestimable powder, or some bank-note of fabulous value—wrapped up in all these folds?"

Rosamond's heart sank within her as he opened the letter and passed his finger over the writing inside, with a mock expression of anxiety, and a light jest about sharing all treasures discovered at Porthgenna with his wife.

"I will read it to you directly, Lenny," she said, dropping into the nearest seat, and languidly pushing her hair back from her temples. "But put it away for a few minutes now, and let us talk of any thing else you like that does not remind us of the Myrtle Room. I am very capricious, am I not, to be so suddenly weary of the very subject that I have been fondest of talking about for so many weeks past? Tell me love," she added, rising abruptly and going to the back of his chair; "do I get worse with my whims and fancies and faults? or am I improved, since the time when we were first married?"

He tossed the letter aside carelessly on a table which was always placed by the arm of his chair, and shook his forefinger at her with a frown of comic reproof. "Oh fie, Rosamond! are you trying to entrap me into paying you compliments?"

The light tone that he persisted in adopting seemed absolutely to terrify her. She shrank away from his chair, and sat down again at a little distance from him.

"I remember I used to offend you," she continued, quickly and confusedly. "No, no, not to offend—only to vex you a little—by talking too familiarly to the servants. You might almost have fancied, at first, if you had not known me so well, that it was a habit with me because I had once been a servant myself. Suppose I had been a servant—the servant who had helped to nurse you in your illnesses, the servant who led you about in your blindness more carefully than any one else—would you have thought much, then, of the difference between us? would you—"

She stopped. The smile had vanished from Leonard's face, and he had turned a little away from her. "What is the use, Rosamond, of supposing events that never could have happened?" he asked, rather impatiently.

She went to the side-table, poured out some of the water she had brought from the library, and drank it eagerly; then walked to the window and plucked a few of the flowers that were placed there. She threw some of them away again the next moment; but kept the rest in her hand, thoughtfully arranging them so as to contrast their colors with the best effect. When this was done, she put them into her bosom, looked down absently at them, took them out again, and, returning to her husband, placed the little nosegay in the button-hole of his coat.

"Something to make you look gay and bright, love—as I always wish to see you," she said, seating herself in her favorite attitude at his feet, and looking up at him sadly, with her arms resting on his knees.

"What are you thinking about, Rosamond?" he asked, after an interval of silence.

"I was only wondering, Lenny, whether any woman in the world could be as fond of you as I am. I feel almost afraid that there are others who would ask nothing better than to live and die for you, as well as me. There is something in your face, in your voice, in all your ways—something besides the interest of your sad, sad affliction—that would draw any woman's heart to you, I think. If I was to die—"

"If you were to die!" He started as he repeated the words after her, and, leaning forward, anxiously laid his hand upon her forehead. "You are thinking and talking very strangely this morning, Rosamond! Are you not well?"

She rose on her knees and looked closer at him, her face brightening a little, and a faint smile just playing round her lips. "I wonder if you will always be as anxious about me, and as fond of me, as you are now?" she whispered, kissing his hand as she removed it from her forehead. He leaned back again in the chair, and told her jestingly not to look too far into the future. The words, lightly as they were spoken, struck deep into her heart. "There are times, Lenny," she said, "when all one's happiness in the present depends upon one's certainty of the future." She looked at the letter, which her husband had left open on the table near him, as she spoke; and, after a momentary struggle with herself, took it in her hand to read it. At the first word her voice failed her; the deadly paleness overspread her face again; she threw the letter back on the table, and walked away to the other end of the room.

"The future?" asked Leonard. "What future, Rosamond, can you possibly mean?"

"Suppose I meant our future at Porthgenna?" she said, moistening her dry lips with a few drops of water. "Shall we stay here as long as we thought we should, and be as happy as we have been every where else? You told me on the journey that I should find it dull, and that I should be driven to try all sorts of extraordinary occupations to amuse myself. You said you expected that I should begin with gardening, and end by writing a novel. A novel!" She approached her husband again, and watched his face eagerly while she went on. "Why not? More women write novels now than men. What is to prevent me from trying? The first great requisite, I suppose, is to have an idea of a story; and that I have got." She advanced a few steps further, reached the table on which the letter lay, and placed her hand on it, keeping her eyes still fixed intently on Leonard's face.

"And what is your idea, Rosamond?" he asked.

"This," she replied. "I mean to make the main interest of the story centre in two young married people. They shall be very fond of each other—as fond as we are, Lenny—and they shall be in our rank of life. After they have been happily married some time, and when they have got one child to make them love each other more dearly than ever, a terrible discovery shall fall upon them like a thunderbolt. The husband shall have chosen for his wife a young lady bearing as ancient a family name as—"

"As your name?" suggested Leonard.

"As the name of the Treverton family," she continued, after a pause, during which her hand had been restlessly moving the letter to and fro on the table. "The husband shall be well-born—as well-born as you, Lenny—and the terrible discovery shall be, that his wife has no right to the ancient name that she bore when he married her."

"I can't say, my love, that I approve of your idea. Your story will decoy the reader into feeling an interest in a woman who turns out to be an impostor."

"No!" cried Rosamond, warmly. "A true woman—a woman who never stooped to a deception—a woman full of faults and failings, but a teller of the truth at all hazards and all sacrifices. Hear me out, Lenny, before you judge." Hot tears rushed into her eyes; but she dashed them away passionately, and went on. "The wife shall grow up to womanhood, and shall marry, in total ignorance—mind that!—in total ignorance of her real history. The sudden disclosure of the truth shall overwhelm her—she shall find herself struck by a calamity which she had no hand in bringing about. She shall be crushed, petrified, staggered in her very reason by the discovery; it shall burst upon her when she has no one but herself to depend on; she shall have the power of keeping it a secret from her husband with perfect impunity; she shall be tried, she shall be shaken in her mortal frailness, by one moment of fearful temptation; she shall conquer it, and, of her own free-will, she shall tell her husband all that she knows herself. Now, Lenny, what do you call that woman? an impostor?"

"No: a victim."

"Who goes of her own accord to the sacrifice? and who *is* to be sacrificed?"

"I did not say that."

"What would you do with her, Lenny, if you were writing the story? I mean, how would you make her husband behave to her? It is a question in which a man's nature is concerned, and a woman is not competent to decide it. I am perplexed about how to end the story. How would you end it, love?" As she ceased, her voice sank sadly to its gentlest pleading tones. She came close to him, and twined her fingers in his hair fondly. "How would you end it, love?" she repeated, stooping down till her trembling lips just touched his forehead.

He moved uneasily in his chair, and replied, "I am not a writer of novels, Rosamond."

"But how would you act, Lenny, if you were that husband?"

"It is hard for me to say," he answered. "I have not your vivid imagination, my dear. I have no power of putting myself, at a moment's notice, into a position that is not my own, and of knowing how I should act in it."

"But suppose your wife was close to you—as close as I am now? Suppose she had just told you the dreadful secret, and was standing before you—as I am standing now—with the happiness of her whole life to come depending on one kind word from your lips? Oh, Lenny, you would not let her drop broken-hearted at your feet? You would know, let her birth be what it might, that she was still the same faithful creature who had cherished, and served, and trusted, and worshiped you since her marriage-day, and who asked nothing in return but to lay her head on your bosom, and to hear you say that you loved her? You would know that she had nerved herself to tell the fatal secret because, in her loyalty and love to her husband, she would rather die forsaken and despised, than live, deceiving him? You would know all this, and you would open your arms to the mother of your child, to the wife of your first love, though she was the lowliest of all lowly-born women in the estimation of the world? Oh! you would, Lenny; I know you would!"

"Rosamond! how your hands tremble; how your voice alters! You are agitating yourself about this supposed story of yours, as if you were talking of real events."

"You would take her to your heart, Lenny? You would open your arms to her without an instant of unworthy doubt?"

"Hush! hush! I hope I should."

"Hope? only hope? Oh, think again, love, think again; and say you *know* you should!"

"Must I, Rosamond? Then I do say it."

She drew back as the words passed his lips, and took the letter from the table.

"You have not yet asked me, Lenny, to read the letter that I found in the Myrtle Room. I offer to read it now, of my own accord." She trembled a little as she spoke those few decisive words, but her utterance of them was clear and steady, as if her consciousness of being now irrevocably pledged to make the disclosure had strengthened her at last to dare all hazards, and end all suspense.

Her husband turned toward the place from which the sound of her voice had reached him, with a mixed expression of perplexity and surprise in his face. "You pass so suddenly from one subject to another," he said, "that I hardly know how to follow you. What in the world, Rosamond, takes you, at one jump, from a romantic argument about a situation in a novel, to the plain, practical business of reading an old letter?"

"Perhaps there is a closer connection between the two than you suspect," she answered.

"A closer connection? What connection? I don't understand."

"The letter will explain."

"Why the letter? Why should *you* not explain?"

She stole one anxious look at his face, and saw that a sense of something serious to come was now overshadowing his mind for the first time.

"Rosamond!" he exclaimed, "there is some mystery—"

"There are no mysteries between us two," she interposed, quickly. "There never have been any, love; there never shall be." She moved a little nearer to him to take her old favorite place on his knee, then checked herself, and drew back again to the table. Warning tears in her eyes bade her distrust her own firmness, and read the letter where she could not feel the beating of his heart.

"Did I tell you," she resumed, after waiting an instant to compose herself, "where I found the folded piece of paper which I put into your hand in the Myrtle Room?"

"No," he replied, "I think not."

"I found it at the back of the frame of that picture—the picture of the ghostly woman with the wicked face. I opened it immediately, and saw that it was a letter. The address inside, the first line under it, and one of the two signatures which it contained were in a handwriting that I knew."

"Whose?"

"The handwriting of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Of your mother?"

"Of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Gracious God, Rosamond! why do you speak of her in that way?"

"Let me read, and you will know. I would rather read it than tell it. You have seen, with my eyes, what the Myrtle Room is like; you have seen, with my eyes, every object which the search through it brought to light; you must now see, with my eyes, what this letter contains. It is the Secret of the Myrtle Room."

She bent close over the faint, faded writing, and read these words:

"*To my husband—*

"*We have parted, Arthur, forever, and I have not had the courage to embitter our farewell by confessing that I have deceived you—cruelly and basely deceived you. But a few minutes since you were weeping by my bedside, and speaking of our child. My wronged, my beloved husband, the little daughter of your heart is not yours, is not mine. She is a love-child, whom I have imposed on you for mine. Her father was a miner at Porthgenna; her mother is my maid, Sarah Leeson.*"

Rosamond paused, but never raised her head from the letter. She heard her husband lay his hand suddenly on the table; she heard him start to his feet; she heard him draw his breath heavily in one quick gasp; she heard him whisper to himself the instant after, "A love-child!" With a fearful, painful distinctness she heard those three words. The tone in which he whispered them turned her cold. But she never moved, for there was more to read; and while more remained, if her life had depended on it, she could not have looked up.

In a moment more she went on, and read these lines next:

"*I have many heavy sins to answer for, but this one sin you must pardon, Arthur; for I committed it through fondness for you. That fondness told me a secret which you sought to hide from me. That fondness told me that your barren wife would never make your heart all her own until she had borne you a child; and your lips proved it true. Your first words, when you came back from sea, and when the infant was placed in your arms, were: 'I have never loved you, Rosamond, as I love you now.' If you had not said that, I should never have kept my guilty secret.*

"*I can add no more, for death is very near me. How the fraud was committed, and what my other motives were, I must leave you to discover from the mother of the child, who is charged to give this. You will be merciful to the poor little creature who bears my name, I know. Be merciful also to her unhappy parent: she is only guilty of too blindly obeying me. If there is any thing that mitigates the bitterness of my remorse, it is the remembrance that my act of deceit saved the most faithful and the most affectionate of women from shame that she had not deserved. Remember me forgivingly, Arthur—words may tell how I have sinned against you; no words can tell how I have loved you!*"

She had struggled on thus far, and had reached the last line on the second page of the letter, when she paused again, and then tried to read the first of the two signatures—"Rosamond Treverton." She faintly repeated two syllables of that familiar Christian name—the name that was on her husband's lips every hour of the day!—and struggled to articulate the third, but her voice failed her. All the sacred household memories which that ruthless letter had profaned forever, seemed to tear themselves away from her heart at the same moment. With a low, moaning cry she dropped her arms on the table, and laid her head down on them, and hid her face.

She heard nothing, she was conscious of nothing, until she felt a touch on her shoulder—a light touch from a hand that trembled. Every pulse in her body bounded in answer to it, and she looked up.

Her husband had guided himself near to her by the table. The tears were glistening in his dim, sightless eyes. As she rose and touched him, his arms opened and closed fast round her.

"My own Rosamond!" he said, "come to me and be comforted!"

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

NAPLES, *April* 1, 1857.

IN Rome one gets only upon the threshold of Greek art. Its full excellence and expression is not understood until acquaintance is made with its numerous and various examples in this city. After a study of, or, rather, a presentation to the most noted of them, I look upon them more as friends than as inanimate objects, because they speak to me and make me more than even myself by the development of thought and feeling kindred to their spirit, and therefore give me more of life. After such an acquaintance with them, therefore, I am half disposed to agree with the opinion of an American merchant, who said to me, "upon seeing them, he had quite changed his ideas as to the nature of paganism. The people that worshiped such deities must be refined in feeling and elevated in thought." There is much truth in this remark, and the more forcible from its being made on the spot where the contrast between the modern and ancient form of idolatry, in the character and design of the images reverenced by the unenlightened of either age, is most obvious. Beside Isis, Flora, Apollo, and Minerva, the Virgins, St. Catharines, St. Januariuses, and other members of the Roman Catholic mythology, as represented in modern art, make a very unfavorable figure. I say nothing of the spirit of the two faiths, but speak only of the dead manifestations as contrasted with the living. In this Greece certainly excels papal Rome. But in judging of ancient art, all Christians apply to it their standard of educated taste. It is an affair of the head and not of the heart. Faith in Grecian mythology has died out, so it is only with its beauty of design or truth of expression in relation to the generative idea that we have any thing to do in our amateur judgments. We have nothing to hope or fear from it, but much to delight in, as Beauty or Truth. The Protestant looks with an equally critical and cold eye upon the Catholic forms of art; as faith, they have to him almost as little vitality as classical art; indeed, while he forgives ancient idolatry because it sleeps the sleep of the grave, he condemns the living form because it is active and noxious, and is, therefore, from faith, disposed to prejudice in the outset against it as art. It is, therefore, no surprise that the beauty of Greek art excites a certain enthusiasm in the Protestant mind, because now viewed as wholly apart from idolatry, while Catholic art excites indignation at its debasing influences upon the human race, besides its own intrinsic inferiority as art in comparison with what it once condemned for being idolatrous. The difference seems to lie in this:

what was false in spirit as a creed has died out of Greek art, and left us only its natural truths of beauty, form, expression, being, and imagination, which, being universal, are applicable to all time and circumstances. Now, in Catholic art, these general truths of nature are made secondary to the religious idea, which being either in itself false or else perverted, those minds that are not in its bondage coolly criticise its art, and find it, as a whole, wanting from the neglect of the principles that perfected Greek art, and at the same time condemn it as perpetuating error, and degrading to the human race. Until art is left free we shall have but little good or great in it. For me my hope lies chiefly in the American mind, which ultimately will carry into art the same freedom of thought and creative power that it has into political and material science.

I am, however, constantly struck with not only the lack of originality in our modern art, but its imperfect apprehension of the principles of Greek art, whose master-pieces are always within the reach of our artists abroad. Who, after seeing the noble and impressive statues of Sophocles at St. Jean de Lateran in Rome, and of Aristides in the Borbonico Museum at Naples, with their vitality of intellectual expression, their dignity and grace of *pose*, and their simplicity of drapery—in short, their entire refinement, breadth and nobility of treatment—who, after this, can take any pleasure in the Websters and Washingtons of Powers, the James Otises of Crawford, or the Franklins of Richard Greenough? To obtain similar excellence the public must know what this ancient excellence was, and require similar of our artists. Unfortunately, they aim at getting an external resemblance in posture, disposition of drapery, etc., and fail in this, because it is barefaced imitation, without studying the internal principles of art which made the Greek create his statues, as it were, living, real presences, filled with the breath of human life. Aristides lives, breathes, thinks. Who would dare insult that noble countenance with a wanton word or even thought? Apollo de Belvidere, the Venus of the Tribune, and others of the mere ideal in statuary, sink before the superior excellence of these real men. The god shines through them. With our American sculpture we are simply curious; it does not exalt us; we do not feel it. There is, indeed, but little in it to exalt us or make us feel that we are in the presence of a noble spirit, though its form be the impassive, silent marble. Until our public have educated themselves to demand more, our artists will give them only this, because they themselves represent the standard of the age.

I think the bronze busts, with few exceptions, at Naples, superior to the marble, and the spirit of some of the bronze figures is unequaled by any modern work. Among these bronzes I noticed the original of Kiss's Amazon, lacking only the tiger. The original of Gibson's Cupid is here, wanting only the color with which he has perverted his art. The statue of Judge Story, by his son, is but a weak repetition of the Neander of the Vatican. James Otis, by Crawford, is a parody on the dignified and majestic Sophocles of the Lateran. The face and bust of the Psyche of the Borbonico is the antecedent of Powers's Proserpine and other females, the worse for imitation; and other examples might be given, all of which express more or less of what should be avoided in art, mere imitation, and the lack of what should be demanded as the foundation of all nobility and greatness, viz., a careful study of those principles of nature by which, under given circumstances, her highest truths and beauty are best expressed. He who would send to America accurate casts of the best statues and bronzes of Naples would do much toward elevating our public standard of art requirement. Having once appreciated the superiority of the best Greek art, we must arrive at its equal to be content. We are capable of it. Even in the ancient paintings from Pompeii and Herculaneum I see an evidence of knowledge and study of the human figure and expression quite unknown, as a whole, to our artists. But while the coral shops are the central objects of attraction to our traveling public, true art has but little opportunity of being presented to them. For fear I may be unwelcome if I continue my unpalatable criticism, I add myself, in close, as ever,

CICERONE.

THE LATTICE.

I sat at my lattice window,
And the night-wind whistled by,
The silent stars but dimly shone
Through the lowering winter sky—oh! so mournfully!
My hair was blown by the pitiless breeze
That chanted a dirge through the forest trees,
And I murmured wearily, "Oh, be kind to me!"

I rose in the morning early,
Though my eyes were dim with weeping,
I thought of the silent lowly home
Where weary hearts are sleeping—oh! so quietly!
I lay me down by the church-yard tree—
The branches heaved so lovingly,
Saying, "Rest near me! I will be kind to thee!"

I sat again in my bower,
Where the garden-flowers grew,
The sun shone high in the noon-day sky,
My heart was shining too—oh! so cheerily!
For a firm strong heart was beating near,
And a soft voice whispered in my ear,
"Thou art all mine—I will be kind to thee!"

That day has passed like a night-dream,
So fair, but oh! so fleeting!
The sunlight left me smiling;
But the moonbeams found me weeping—oh! so bitterly!
For cypress-leaves entwined his brow,
And his cheek was pale as the fallen snow;
Oh, it was hard! and he so kind to me!

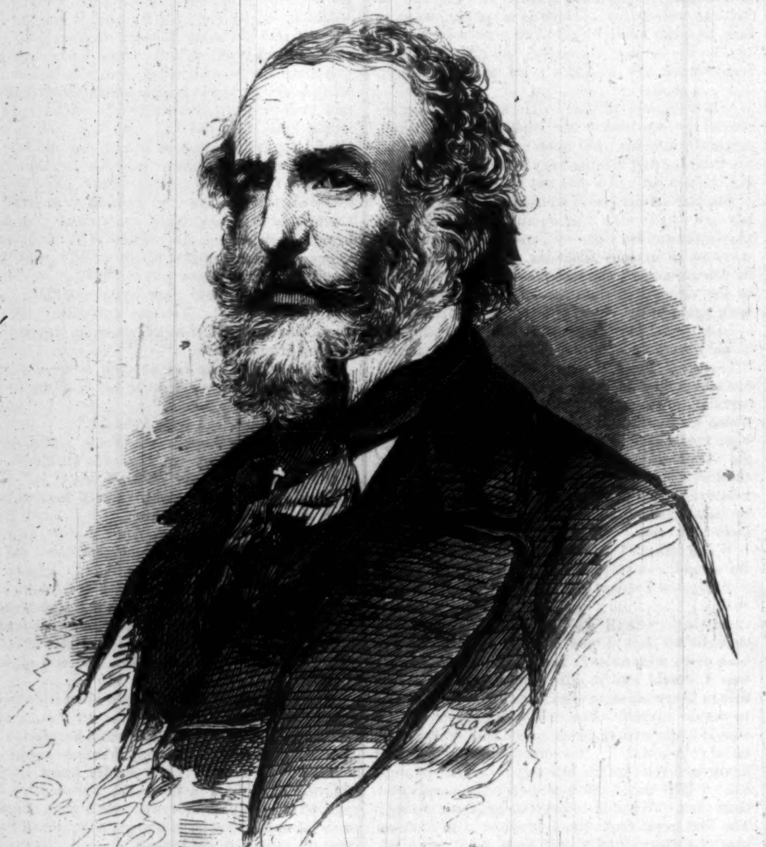
My heart is sad, yet I weep not,
Though the soft, sad summer breeze
Seems not as sweet as when it waved
That day through the forest trees—oh! so cheerily!
From my lattice I look up to heaven high,
Where angels watch from the starry sky,
And then I pray, "Oh, God, be kind to me!"

DOCTOR RAE AND THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Twelve years ago the 18th of the present month (May) Sir John Franklin sailed, in command of one hundred and thirty-eight gallant spirits, on that fatal expedition from which they have not returned. In July of the same year (1845) the ships were seen at the entrance of Davis's Straits, moored to a berg, awaiting an opening in the ice ahead. The following year—naught having been heard of the adventurers meantime—alarm was felt for their safety; and then began that long, fruitless search, in which the bravest, most chivalric spirits of the two greatest nations of the globe united, and which has enlisted the sympathies of all noble men and women. Twelve expeditions have sailed upon this errand of mercy. Four million dollars have been expended in the cause. No traces of the lost vessels have been found.

As early as 1851 distinct traces of the voyagers were found in the neighborhood of Cape Riley and Beechey Island, where a portion of them, at least, seem to have passed the winter and spring of 1846–7. Traces of a garden spot and various remnants of a camp were here discovered, and the scene of their sometime stay was in such condition as to argue to the keen observation of the discoverers of these remains that the party had subsisted in comfort, and left in good condition.

In 1850, five years after their departure, a party of forty white men—who must have been of Franklin's crew—were seen by the Esquimaux near the north shore of King William's Land, traveling toward the south. The ships were then abandoned—perhaps lost. They were making for the American continent. Since then Dr. Rae has sent to England the relics of a party who reached land near the mouth of Back River. These two parties were probably identical. It will be remembered that of the expeditions first sent to search for the lost voyagers, the overland expedition descended the Mackenzie River from Great Slave Lake to the ocean. Had they taken the route by Back's River, it is not at all unlikely that they would have met such traces of the "forty men" as would have enabled them to rescue them.



DOCTOR RAE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

Captain M'Clure saw an old brass button hanging from the ear of a chief, who stated that it was taken from a white man killed by one of his tribe. This white man had *strayed from* a party which had landed at Port Warren, built a house there, and afterward gone inland.

Dr. Rae was told by Esquimaux—who had it from their companions, eye-witnesses—that thirty white bodies had been found dead on the main land opposite the mouth of Back River, and five on Montreal Island; that there were stores there; and that the white men had eaten of their companions before they died. Mr. Anderson, who was sent out in consequence of this report, reached only Montreal Island, where he found more traces showing that the missing crews had been there, but no bodies or graves. *He did not reach the opposite main land at all.*

Captain Penny was told by Esquimaux ranging not far from the mouth of the Back River, that some years previously they, or their tribe, had visited a large party of white men, who lived in a large round tent (Franklin had been supplied with just such an one), and who subsisted upon deer. Some months thereafter the Esquimaux revisited the tent, and found but two men there; and a tipsy fellow said—but afterward denied—that his tribe murdered these two men. It is asserted, in addition, that the Esquimaux who made this report to Captain Penny were taken away by their companions in eight sledges, and to a distance of five hundred miles. Captain Penny states, also, that these people, with whom he has been for twenty-eight years on very friendly terms, and who benefited much by his trading, absented themselves in a very unaccountable way the last season.

These are the facts. They prove with tolerable conclusiveness that some of Franklin's party were alive as late as 1850—five years after the sailing of the expedition—when they must have been for some time living upon food procured by the chase and fisheries; that is to say, in the Esquimaux mode, only with greater facilities for capturing food. They seem to point to but one spot in all the wide extent of Franklin's possible track, as the place where, if proper search were made, some distinct traces of the lost might be found; and this spot is just the one which has *not* been hitherto examined; and they leave, finally, one way open by which it is possible that some—very few—of Franklin's brave men may be yet alive. This is the possibility that in the last extremity—or mayhap before the last extremity came—a portion of the survivors attached themselves to some Esquimaux tribe, and are yet living with the natives, unable to get away, but yet waiting patiently for the succor which they must expect. Several things point to the plausibility, to say the least, of this supposition. Franklin himself wrote—who knows if not prophetically—"Where Esquimaux do live out a fair period of life, it is but reasonable to suppose that Europeans may subsist and survive for many years." Our own Kane was actually once upon the point of adopting this very course. "I well know," he writes, "how glad I would have been, had my duties to others permitted me, to have taken refuge among the Esquimaux of Smith's Straits and Etah Bay. Strange as it may seem to you, we regarded the coarse life of these people with eyes of envy, and did not doubt that we could have lived in comfort upon their resources. It required all my powers, moral and physical, to prevent my men deserting to the Walrus settlements; and it was my final intention to have taken to Esquimaux life, had Providence not carried us through in our hazardous escape."

Who will say that, had he done so, he or some of his hardy companions would not sometime have been restored to their country?

These are the grounds upon which Lieutenant Bedford Pim, Dr. King, and most of the British officers who have taken part in Arctic explorations, entertain a hope of rescuing, by another and exhaustive search, at least one of Franklin's crew, or of, at all events—and of this there can scarcely be a reasonable doubt—settling conclusively the fate of the lost, by the discovery of a portion of the written documents which they must have left behind them. These, too, are the grounds upon which poor Lady Franklin made that application for a "final and exhausting search in behalf of the first and only martyrs to Arctic discovery in modern times," which Lord Palmerston chose not to answer till the season of last year was past.

It is not generally known in this country that, in June of last year, when Lady Franklin made this application, she had gathered together the last remnant of her own broken fortune, and held it in readiness to fit out "the *Isabel* schooner," at her own expense, for this last search; and further, that she addressed three letters to the Lords of the Admiralty, asking of them a speedy answer to the simple question, "Will *you* send an expedition, or will you lend me your officers who would volunteer for mine?" That these letters, as well as a memorial to the same effect, signed by the leading geographers of England and by all the Arctic explorers who could be reached, were left unanswered until the season—one of unexampled openness—was past; and that then, when no more could be done for that year, their lordships informed Lady Franklin that "they had come to the decision not to send any expedition to the Arctic regions in the present year;" while to the memorialists it was, still later, answered that "Her Majesty's Government would give the subject their serious consideration during the recess." The consequences of which serious consideration seem to have been the dismantling of the *Resolute*, which came to the hands of Great Britain nearly in readiness for an immediate start; and subsequent inaction on a subject which would seem to have demanded at least the very serious and open consideration of the government concerned, if for no other reason than from respect for the experience, ripe judgment, and public character of those men, eminent as geographers and Arctic explorers, who took so prominent a part in urging the matter upon the attention of the British Government.

In this emergency of governmental inaction Lady Franklin is devoting her last remaining means to the fitting out of the *Fox* screw yacht, now lying at Aberdeen. This new expedition is to be commanded by Captain M'Clintock, a well-known Arctic commander. It is also understood that an expedition is shortly to depart under the command of Dr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, with the same object. The two will co-operate. It is distinctly stated that, come what may, in no event will any one be sent out to aid these adventurers, who hope to accomplish what is aimed at without extreme danger to themselves—but go depending entirely upon themselves.

We have thought this a good moment to present our readers with a portrait and notice of Dr. Rae. He is one of the leading men of our time, and his character and adventures comport admirably with his striking *physique*. Born in the Orkney Islands, in the year 1813, he passed as surgeon at Edinburgh in 1833, though hardly twenty years of age, and the same year became a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, and removed his household gods to Moose Factory, on the shores of Hudson's Bay. At that miserable station, frozen in for nine to ten months of the year, without a ray of civilization to cheer him, young Rae spent the ten best years of his life, prescribing for the hunters and the Indians. The sacrifice was poorly compensated by the development of enormous physical strength and the acquisition of the arts most needed there—the management of boats, snow-shoeing, and hunting. Training, such as his duties devolved upon him, enabled him to walk from forty-five to fifty miles per day without fatigue. He has, on some occasions, walked over sixty.

His first Arctic expedition was undertaken in 1846. He wintered that season with twelve men at Repulse Bay, in a stone house, to be sure, but without fuel. The party subsisted on the product of the chase, scraping together barely enough moss and andromeda to warm their food. For twelve months none of them ever knew what it was to warm themselves at a fire. In the following spring, Dr. Rae was again in the Arctic regions on a surveying expedition. In the course of the summer over 600 miles of coast-line were laid down by him from Lord Mayor's Bay to the Straits of Fury and Hecla.

Next year (1848) witnessed the first of Dr. Rae's searches for Sir John Franklin. He accompanied Sir John Richardson on his long and hopeless journey, and returned, hardly sharing the gloomy forebodings of his chief. In the following season he renewed the search by way of the Coppermine River, with a like disheartening result.

In 1850, the Government paid him the high compliment of selecting him to command a new expedition, and leaving the selection of the scene of operations to his own judgment. He chose the southern shores of Wollaston and Victoria Land, and searched them thoroughly, but again fruitlessly. The only consolation he had was in the knowledge that he added 700 miles of new coast-line to the map. Few persons realize the stupendous character of undertakings like this. Subsisting entirely on the rare game to be found on the ice, living for months together without fire in a climate where the mercury will congeal, obliged to march rapidly and draw a heavy load, the Arctic explorers of these latter days really seem the greatest heroes of the age. On the return journey from this search, Dr. Rae actually walked 1000 miles, at an average of twenty-seven and a half miles per day, drawing a sledge weighing over 100 pounds.

It was in 1853–'4 that Dr. Rae achieved the work which has made him famous. It was a lucky accident. He had been sent out to complete the survey of the North American coast, and met on his way the Esquimaux who sold him the relics of Sir John Franklin. For this he has obtained the reward offered by the British Government, namely, $50,000. The journey was the most severe Dr. Rae ever undertook. He wintered in Repulse Bay without fire. His party slept at night in snow-houses, and dressed themselves in skins of the reindeer. When traveling, their bedding was only one common blanket for two men, and a bit of light deer-skin to place between them: this, be it remembered, when the temperature of the outside air was 35° below zero.

Very few, if any men, have performed so much service as Dr. Rae as an Arctic explorer. He has sailed 6000 miles in open boats along the northern coast of America, exclusive of short journeys up rivers; he has walked, on snow-shoes and otherwise, in the Arctic regions, other 6000 miles, exclusive of short journeys of 100 miles or so, which these Arctic pedestrians do not think worth counting; and he has surveyed between 1700 and 1800 miles of previously unexplored coast, land or river way. Such a record—implying no common courage, fortitude, privation, peril, and sagacity—is enough for any man.

Judging from their experience, determination, and knowledge of the point to be attained and the difficulties to be overcome by the way, we may safely hope for these final expeditions, under command of Captain M'Clintock and Dr. Rae, the fullest attainable success, *i. e.*, the close examination of that portion of King William's Land not hitherto reached; where it is suspected the forty men perished, and where they may be supposed to have left some sort of written record of their adventures and sufferings, by the aid of which we shall be able to solve the mystery which has so long hung about the fate of Franklin's unfortunate expedition.

A THORN IN THE MEMORY.

HARTLEY BANCROFT was, in the general acceptation of the term, a kind-hearted man. His feelings were easily reached, and these gave, usually, a ready impulse to his actions. But quick feeling has in most cases a two-fold range, warming now into kindly emotion, and now burning with sudden anger. Your so-called kind-hearted men are often betrayed into cruel words, and even cruel actions. But there is this merit about them: when the heat of passion subsides they repent, and sometimes seek to heal where they have wounded.

Such a man was Hartley Bancroft. While the current of events ran smoothly along, the surface of his life reflected the unvarying sunshine, but a very little obstruction sufficed to ripple the waters, and then their aspect darkened.

One day Mr. Bancroft was sitting at his desk, with a pile of checks and bills before him, the sum of which he was taking preparatory to a deposit in bank. It was late in the day for him to be figuring up his account; but he had unusually heavy payments to make, and the amount necessary to lift his notes had been obtained with difficulty. Mr. Bancroft felt both hurried and worried, as his quick, nervous movements showed.

Just at this inauspicious moment a man entered the store, and walked quickly back to where Mr. Bancroft was sitting.

"Good-day, Mr. Cartwright!"

There was not a very cordial tone in the voice of Mr. Bancroft, although the other was a customer who had bought of his goods freely.

"Good-day!" There was an embarrassed air about Mr. Cartwright.

"What can I do for you?" It was only a form of speech on the part of Bancroft, or rather a new form of saying, "Don't ask me for any thing."

Now it happened that Mr. Cartwright was on that day in a very "tight place," as it is called. It was two o'clock, and all of his efforts to get the full amount of money he needed had failed. Several notes had matured, and among them one of seven hundred dollars given to Mr. Bancroft. All but this he had succeeded in lifting; and now, frightened at the aspect of things, he had come, very reluctantly, to his creditor, whom he only knew as a kind-hearted man, to state the extremity of his case, and ask a check for the amount of his note as a temporary loan.

"I am short seven hundred dollars. Can you help me?"

"No!" was the answer, made in an emphatic tone, and with a knitting of the brows.

Mr. Bancroft noticed that his words seemed to stagger the applicant for money; he also noticed that he grew pale, and had a look of singular distress. But Mr. Bancroft was too much excited and annoyed for these things to have upon him at the time any right influence.

"Then," said Mr. Cartwright, "you will have to withdraw my note from the bank. I can not lift it."

"I shall do no such thing," angrily replied Mr. Bancroft. "Take up your notes as I take up mine."

"I have failed in all my efforts to get money; and if you do not withdraw this note, it will be protested." Mr. Cartwright said this very deliberately, and in a firm tone of voice, yet with a face like ashes.

"Very well," was the unyielding answer, "let it be protested, then. If you can bear the operation, I think I can."

Coldly, almost sneeringly, were these cruel words said. Mr. Cartwright urged his case no farther, but turned away and went from the store of his unyielding creditor. Scarcely had he passed into the street before the better nature of Mr. Bancroft rose into ascendency, and he reflected of his unkindness.

"William!" he called to a clerk.

The young man came instantly.

"Make this deposit, William; and at the same time withdraw Mr. Cartwright's note, due to-day. Money's hard to get just now, and he is burdened with heavy payments. We must give him a helping hand. The merchant spoke kindly, not fretfully. The clerk departed with the bank-book, and a check of sufficient amount to lift the notes that were due. Mr. Bancroft remained sitting at his desk, and from his attitude and the aspect of his countenance it was plain that self-approval was not the pleasant state of mind in which he was indulging. The vail of a momentary angry excitement was removed, and now, plainly before the eyes of his mind, stood his humbled and distressed debtor, toward whom not a single impulse of kind feeling had stirred. He tried to find a refuge from self-upbraidings in the fact that he had done all his debtor asked—the note was withdrawn.

"Yes," said a voice within him; "you have cast a bone, with curses, into the face of a beggar!"

Mr. Bancroft started up hurriedly from his desk, walked the length of his store, returned, and sat down again. A long, deep sigh parted his lips.

"What could have possessed me that I so far forgot both duty and kindness? I would give twice seven hundred dollars to recall this act, were it possible to do so."

Drawing a sheet of paper before him, Mr. Bancroft took up a pen and wrote—

"MR. EDWARD CARTWRIGHT:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have withdrawn your note. Forgive my rough unkindness. I was worried about money matters, and had but just made up my own bank account. We are not always proof against petty annoyances. They sometimes disturb more than larger things. Come in to-morrow, and we will arrange for a renewal of the note, if you desire it, making the time to suit yourself."

Mr. Bancroft signed this apologetic letter, and dispatched it forthwith. He felt more comfortable after that. Still, he suffered some pain from having given pain and no little humiliation for the unamiable weakness he had manifested.

"Did you see Mr. Cartwright?" he inquired of the lad who had taken the note.

"No, Sir; he wasn't there," was answered.

"You left my note?"

"Yes, Sir." The boy looked agitated. He stood a moment, as if waiting for further questions, and then said—

"They were just driving him away in a carriage."

"What!" Mr. Bancroft turned pale.

"They said he had broken a blood-vessel."

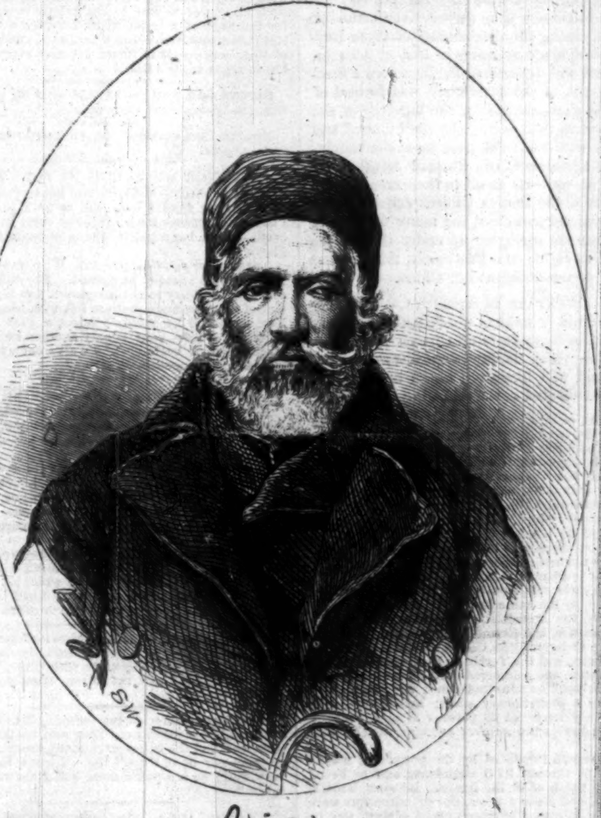
Mr. Bancroft started to his feet with an exclamation of mingled surprise and pain.

"There was blood on the floor."

Mr. Bancroft groaned aloud. After reflecting for a moment he took up his hat and went out, hurriedly. A walk of five minutes brought him to the store of Mr. Cartwright.

"What was the cause of this?" he asked of one of the clerks. "Did he fall? or was he lifting any thing?"

"No," was answered. "He was sitting at his desk, resting his head upon his hands, when I heard him call in a quick voice, and turning round I saw the blood flowing from his mouth."



"Had any thing disturbed him?" asked Mr. Bancroft.

"Money has been hard to get during the past week," the clerk answered, "and Mr. Cartwright's payments were unusually large. There is one note not lifted yet, and it is a few minutes of three o'clock." The clerk pointed to a bank-notice lying on Mr. Cartwright's desk.

Mr. Bancroft leaned over, and saw that it was a notice of the note due to him.

"That is withdrawn from bank," said he.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the clerk. "I think it was your note that did the harm. He had taken up the others and went out two hours ago, after having been all the morning on the street to try and get the sum required to lift this one; but he failed; and the consequences were more than he had strength to look at calmly. He is a just man, and a kind-hearted man, Mr. Bancroft. We who live with him can bear that testimony."

Mr. Bancroft stood nearly motionless for a long time.

"Where does Mr. Cartwright live?" he inquired, at length.

"At number —— Fifteenth Street."

To the dwelling of Mr. Cartwright he went in all haste. He found every thing there to confirm his worst apprehensions. The hemorrhage had been very profuse. Already so large a quantity of blood had been lost that the sick man was reduced to a state of insensibility, and still the bleeding continued. The family were, of course, in the deepest distress. He saw Mrs. Cartwright for a moment, and in that moment the impression of her white, grief-stricken face was transferred to a page in memory's book that no after event could dim or obliterate. A beautiful daughter, just on the verge of womanhood, glided past him once, and her face of terror remained to haunt him for life. He saw the physician, and to his inquiries received no hopeful answers.

When Mr. Bancroft left that house of sorrow he went forth almost stealthily, and with a feeling of guilt in his heart.

"My work! my work!" a voice within him kept repeating; and, do what he would, he found it impossible to silence the accusing spirit.

"I can never forgive myself if he should die!" said Mr. Bancroft to himself. "Oh! what evil is sometimes wrought by passion in an unguarded moment! Why did I not think before speaking?"

Alas! the dreaded evil came. Mr. Bancroft was at his store an hour earlier than usual on the next morning.

"Have you heard from Mr. Cartwright?" he inquired, anxiously, of a clerk.

"Yes, Sir."

"How is he?"

"Dead."

"Dead!" Mr. Bancroft stepped back a pace or two, as if a strong hand were bearing against him.

"Yes, Sir. He died at seven o'clock last evening; so the paper says."

Mr. Bancroft sighed heavily; and then walking back to his desk, sat down, and remained in troubled thought for a long time. There was only a single aspect of the case that gave him any relief, and this was the probable ignorance of every one but himself of the immediate cause of Mr. Cartwright's death. He had not, it was presumed, mentioned the unfeeling repulse which he had received, when, at the eleventh hour, and as a last resort, he had gone to one from whom he had confidently expected, not only kind consideration, but prompt relief; and so the secret had died with him.

Mr. Bancroft did not visit the house of mourning. He could not look upon the distress which his own conscience charged him with originating; but his heart was vailed in gloomy shadows.

There was no one to represent Mr. Cartwright in his business, which had to be closed. An active, hard-working merchant, he had succeeded, through many disadvantages, in establishing a trade that, prosecuted with industry for a few years, would have given his family a moderate fortune. But he was stricken down at an inauspicious moment. Serious losses occurred in the settlement of his affairs, and when all his debts were finally paid there was nothing over for his family.

"Poor Mary Cartwright!" said Mrs. Bancroft to her husband one day about six months after the death of Mr. Cartwright, "I saw her at Mrs. Marvin's to-day. She gives music lessons to her daughter Helen. How changed she was!"

Mr. Bancroft made no reply, and his wife was in some doubt as to whether he had really heard her remark.

"She says that her mother has never been out of the house since her father's death."

Still Mr. Bancroft made no response. But how the words did smite him! Ah! there was a thorn in his memory that time could never extract.

"There was not a dollar left for the family from poor Cartwright's estate!" said a fellow-merchant."

"So I have heard."

Mr. Bancroft answered with seeming indifference, but his heart quivered as if a blow had been given.

"It is said that the failure to raise money to lift one of his notes killed him!" said another.

"People will say almost any thing," replied Mr. Bancroft, with assumed coldness.

Time moved steadily onward. The seething spot on the surface of trade where Mr. Cartwright went down was obliterated by the onward-moving currents; and he was scarcely remembered in the business circles where once his busy face was a familiar object.

But there was one man who could never thrust aside his image; one man in whose memory his presence was a rankling thorn. Many times had he tried to pluck out this thorn by secret acts of kindness to the family of Mr. Cartwright. But the effort only seemed to make the anguish more intense; for the little he offered by stealth contrasted so poorly with the all-sustaining life-deeds of a husband and father, that he was shamed back into impotence.

The case was hopeless. That single act of unkindness, so fatal in its consequences, was done forever. It had gone beyond his utmost reach; and there was no surgeon skilled enough to extract the thorn it had left to rankle in his memory.

THE ARAB MOHAMMED HABAT.

IN the *Kangaroo*, on 14th inst., there sailed from this country an old man whose presence here and whose story are not very flattering to our national pride.

His name is Mohammed Habat. He is a nephew of that famous ex-bashaw of Tripoli—Hamet Caramanli—who, in the days of Mediterranean piracies, conspired with our gallant countryman Eaton against his brother, the reigning bashaw. Three hundred and twenty American citizens were then prisoners at Tripoli. To liberate these was Eaton's object. Hamet covenanted, in return for Eaton's aid and a force of one hundred Americans, not only to set free the American prisoners, but to abolish forever piratical interference with American trade in the Mediterranean.

General Eaton started from Egypt in company with Hamet, at the head of an army of some three thousand men, in the month of March, 1805. It had been resolved to proceed by land across the desert. Perhaps army never endured such sufferings before. Water was scarce; the heat was oppressive; the march long; the general appointments scant. Many times on the way the Arabs were on the point of giving up and returning home; but the energy and fortitude of Eaton, Hamet, *and of his nephew Mohammed Habat*, kept up their courage. After two months' journey, they saw Derne, the capital of Tripoli. The summons, and the characteristic reply of the bashaw—"Your head or mine!"—are known to every one. The word was given to assault. Contrary to expectation, the Arabs fought well; for two days Derne was defended with incredible obstinacy. The approach of Commodore Barron's squadron rendering their prospects hopeless, the bashaw at last resolved to surrender. At that moment the peculiar family hatred which is characteristic of Arabs predominated in his mind. He was ready to make a treaty with the Americans, but forgive his brother he would not. The United States Consul, Mr. Lear, in whose mind the safety of the three hundred and twenty American captives was naturally uppermost, gladly embraced an offer of negotiation. He made a new treaty with the bashaw, recognizing him as sovereign of Tripoli, and repudiating the claims of his brother; promising, moreover, to pay a ransom for the American prisoners, in consideration of the bashaw's covenant to discontinue his piracies in future. That treaty was ratified by Commodore Barron and by the Government of the United States.

Poor Hamet Caramanli thus saw himself, in the hour of victory, deprived of the fruits of his enterprise, and considerably worse off than he would have been had he remained in Egypt and scouted the offers of General Eaton; while this country obtained all it wanted at much less expense than it could have done had the brave Arab refused to participate in the struggle.

Those, however, were days of public ingratitude. General Eaton, returning home, was treated with marked neglect and injustice. As for poor Hamet Caramanli, he was glad enough to save his neck from the clutches of his blood-thirsty brother, and to betake himself to his old home in Egypt. He lived some four years in solitude, bewailing his hard fate, and reviling the United States for their ingratitude; then died, leaving his family to the care of the pacha, Mohammed Ali.

The trust was faithfully discharged. Mohammed Ali took care that the house of Hamet stood in no want during his long lifetime. But when he died, in 1842, the wolf came. No pension was thenceforth paid to the descendants of the injured ex-bashaw, and naturally they starved.

In 1856, some Americans resident in Egypt suggested to Mohammed Habat that, if he made an appeal to the United States Government in person, he might obtain redress. Money was raised for his journey, and he departed. A remembrance of the fate which befell a like appeal from the descendants of Beaumarchais ought to have taught his friends better. He arrived in this country, and laid his case before the Government. Mr. Pierce was at that time regulating the affairs of Kansas; Tripoli had no vote—the petitioner no means of interesting the lobby. Moreover, in truth, though the hardship of the Arab's case was patent, it is not clear that he had a legal claim on the Government of the United States for redress. With the example of British pensions before our eyes, it is well for the United States Government to be chary of establishing precedents of pecuniary indemnities for such wrongs as Mohammed Habat's.

His appeal failed, and he returned to Europe with some aid raised by private subscription. We are inclined to regret that his friends, who must have seen from the outset the hopelessness of an appeal to government or Congress in his behalf, did not direct their solicitations rather to the public of this country. With all his faults, the American citizen, individually, is the most generous of men; and we doubt not, had a general appeal, based on the facts of the case, been addressed to the public of the United States, it would have obtained the universal approbation of the press and a great measure of success among the public. Captain Creighton's case shows what may be done with a little energy in a good cause. Hereafter, the friends of persons in the situation of Mohammed Habat will do well to remember that, while the United States Government and Congress have and ought to have no bowels, the American people are uncommonly provided with that excellent commodity, and applications for relief or indemnity should be made to them.

An anecdote of the old Arab's adventures in this country is going the rounds of the papers. It appears that on his way to Washington he lost his luggage. Mightily incensed at an accident which, in his own country, implies in a measure disgraceful want of vigilance, the venerable Arab betook himself to the State Department, and took up a strong position near Mr. Marcy's door. He was asked his business. He refused to explain. An interview having at length been granted, he communicated to the Secretary, through an interpreter, his two demands: first, indemnity for the old wrong; secondly, his trunks. Mr. Marcy promised to take the first into careful consideration; on the latter head, he was enabled to give a positive and immediate answer. He could do nothing for the petitioner.

"What!" exclaimed the Arab, in wrath to the interpreter, "is he not the chief officer of Government?"

The interpreter admitted the fact.

"And he can not get me my trunks which the villains have stolen! Allah! what a country!"

We have had the accompanying engraving of Mohammed Habat made from a photograph taken by Mr. Brady; it is an excellent likeness. As usual, the venerable Arab was requested by Mr. Brady to inscribe his name upon his book. He did so, and the hieroglyphs represented in the cut on the preceding page are the result. Our juvenile friends will have no difficulty in reading them off to their seniors.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

ORGANS IN CHURCHES.—It seems that the English Presbyterians are strongly opposed to organs in churches. The late Synod at Newcastle voted, by a small majority, to allow the few to remain which were now in the churches, but there was a strong vote against increasing their number.

RELIGIOUS BONFIRE.—By late papers from Europe, we learn that in the town of Grasse, in France, in the department of the Var, a body of itinerant Capuchin monks held a preachment in the open air against bad authors and bad books, denouncing by name, not only such writers as Eugene Sue and George Sands, but also MM. Thiers and Lamartine; and enjoined upon the hearers, at the peril of their souls, to deliver up all such bad books to their curé to be burned. During the night a large pile was collected, and the priests and people marched with the cross to witness the burning.

CONFISCATION OF LUTHER'S WORKS IN A PROTESTANT STATE.—In 1851 a pamphlet was published by Mr. Hoenniger, Regierungsrath (i. e. Councilor of the State), at Rudolstadt, in Germany, consisting of extracts from Luther's works concerning princes, courtiers, parsons, etc. The Prince of Rudolstadt thought the pamphlet was aimed at him, and suit was brought against its author. In vain he pleaded that not one line was written by him, but that the whole was nothing but a collection of passages of the great German reformer. The court of Rudolstadt condemned him lately to six weeks' imprisonment and costs.

MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Not only does the Tractarian Controversy shake the Church, but a wider and, perhaps, a more significant movement is on foot to restore the powers and privileges of Convocation, as well as its forms; and the elections for Proctors to sit in Convocation are now every where attended with great excitement, and by numerous clergymen. Into this election the question of the admission of the laity to Convocation is becoming very earnest and prominent.

NATIVE SCHOOLS IN INDIA.—The *Friend of India* gives a very gratifying account of a movement among the respectable native families of India to establish schools for their daughters after the Western European fashion. This movement is very successful in the vicinity of Agra, in which district upward of fifty schools have been established, containing 1280 girls of the most respectable families. In all there had been established two hundred schools, containing 3800 girls. These schools are taught by *males*. Pundit Gopal, a man of high standing and family, is chief in this movement, which is social rather than religious; but it will prepare the way for the coming of the kingdom of Christ.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF PARIS.—The following statistics are given, on the authority of the *Journal des Debats*:

> The population of the City of Paris is 1,053,000, among whom those who profess a different religion from the Catholic scarcely number 28,000. The secular clergy of Paris amount to 882 priests, most of them attached to the service of the 49 parishes. There are 12 religious communities of men, and 48 of women, containing 5400 sisters—that of St. Vincent de Paul alone having 68 establishments, with 596 sisters. Of the 262 primary boys' schools in Paris, the Brotherhood of Christian Doctors possess 53, with 18,000 scholars; of the 324 girls' schools, 69 are managed by the sisters, and contain 14,000 scholars; of the 85 work-rooms for girls, 47, with 3000 girls, are managed by nuns; and of the 35 hospitals, 23 are under the charge of 464 females of different religious communities.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE IN HOUSES OF CORRECTION.—European statesmen generally admit that in no department of public life is the beneficial influence of religion more indispensable than in the Houses of Correction. The best management on the part of the State officers usually fails to reform the character of the delinquents, and to restore them to society as useful members. The Church is therefore confidently called to aid, and intrusted with the difficult mission. We mentioned in a former number that Dr. Wichern, of Hamburg, one of the greatest Christian reformers of Germany, has been called by the Prussian Government to Berlin, in order to reorganize the whole system of prisons and houses of correction. The idea of Wichern is, that the State wants Christian jailers, who shall consider it as the primary object of their work, not to watch, but to correct the prisoners. His celebrated institution near Hamburg, the Ragged House (Rauhe Haus) at Horn, educates one portion of its pupils for this special purpose. Of the 132 brethren who have left the Ragged House during the last ten years, twenty-seven are appointed in German prisons, while the number demanded from him during this period by the managers of German prisons and houses of correction amounted to eighty-seven. Great are already the results which have attended the labors of these pious men, and much more is therefore anticipated from the influential position which Wichern occupies at present. Roman Catholic Governments have thought to secure the same results by confiding their institutions to the care of monastic orders. Thus, in particular, Austria and Naples have recently done. On the results in the former state the (official) *Gazette* of Vienna writes as follows:

> At present nine houses of correction for females, and three for males, have been placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The official reports on all these institutions are more favorable, and reiterated examinations have shown results more satisfactory than the Government expected, in view of the newness and thoroughness of the reorganization of this department. Trials like these can but encourage the Government to proceed on the way entered upon, and it is, therefore, intended to increase shortly the number of reformatory institutions intrusted to monastic orders.

A MISSION OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH IN CHINA.—By the terms of an agreement concluded between Russia and China on January 14, 1728, the Russian Church has the right of establishing a Mission at Pekin, to consist of one Archimandrite and several clerical and lay members. The primary object of this Mission was to preserve the orthodox Greek faith among the descendants of those Russians who were made prisoners in 1685 at Albasin, on the Amur, and brought to Pekin, where a company of guards of the Bogdikhan was formed of them. It is characteristic of the lethargy of the Russian Church, that during the one hundred and thirty years which have elapsed since the conclusion of the agreement, the Russian Missionaries have made no converts at all to their creed, while the Missions of the Roman Church count several hundred thousand members, and many flourishing congregations are springing up under the zealous labors of the eighty-six Protestant missionaries who are at present stationed in China.

CHURCH AND STATE IN SARDINIA.—The kingdom of Sardinia is making steady progress in the right direction in matters of Church and State. The extent to which the law of the last session has liberated, and will liberate, Church and convent property, is indicated in the following inventory:

> The number of religious orders of males possessing property in the *terra-firma* States affected by the first article of the said law are fourteen; *i. e.*, the Agostiniani with shoes, the Agostiniani without shoes, the Benedettini Cassinesi, the Canonisi Regolari Lateranensi, the Carmeletani without shoes, the Certosini, the Cistercensi, the Domenicani, the Conventuali, the Minimi, the Filippini, the Olivetani, the Oblati, and the Servi. They occupied 66 houses; and when the Commission took possession there were 557 priests, 215 lay brethren, and 9 serving novices and servants; giving a total of 781 persons, or an average of 11 persons to each house. The number of female religious orders in the *terra-firma* States affected by the same law is 11: the Agostiniane, the Battistine, the Benedettine Cassinese, the Canonichesse Lateranense, the Carmelitane without shoes, the Celestine, the Chiarisse, the Cistercense, the Crocifisse, the Domenicane, and the Terziarie Domenicane. They owned 46 houses, and numbered 1085 persons, of whom 814 were "coriste," or admitted nuns; 265 "converse," or persons in a probationary state; and 6 novices or servants. They averaged 23 persons to each convent, or more than double the number averaged by the male orders.
>
> The 66 convents inhabited by the possessing monks were found to contain 3905 chambers, and to be of an aggregate value of 49,757 francs. Between houses, lands, capital, and other sources, the gross receipts were 668,685 francs, 63 cent.; of which about a sixth was in houses, and more than the half in rural possessions to the amount of 4932 hectares of land, the rent of which at the time of the promulgation of the law did not average more than 77 francs the hectare. Comparing the total of rural possessions with the number of families to which it belonged, there appears an average of 75 hectares to each family. The rent derived from capital and credits of various kinds amounted to 105,488 francs, 21 cent., or about 1596 francs for each family. The debts of all sorts contracted by the administrators of the male orders amounted to 216,640 francs, 42 cent., so that the net rent, exclusive of the value of the monasteries, was 452,045 francs, 21 cent.
>
> The estimated rent of the 46 convents occupied by the nuns in possession amounted altogether to 73,145 francs, or an average of 1590 francs to each convent, a value equal to double that of the monasteries. Comparatively, the gross rent is still greater on the whole of the different categories of property, amounting to 514,609 francs, 76 cent.; of which 292,870 francs is derived from rural possessions to the extent of 2783 hectares of land. The debts in five of the male religious orders absorbed a third of their gross income, while those of the female orders hardly exceeded a fourth. The net revenues of the latter were found to amount to 389,155 francs.
>
> In the island of Sardinia the male orders affected by the law are seven in number, occupying 51 houses; and the females two, with 9 houses. The first comprehend 322 persons, the second 166. The estimated rent of the whole of the monasteries and convents so occupied is very small. There were attached to them 1054 other buildings, and 3260 hectares of land.
>
> The houses of the Mendicant orders suppressed amount to 183, of which 136 are in the *terra-firma* States, and 47 in the island of Sardinia. The total number of members of these orders is 3135, of whom 175 are women, and 2960 men. Of the latter 1709 are priests (*sacerdoti*), 983 laymen, and 268 between novices and servants. In general, the value of the convents of the Mendicant orders is found to be very trifling. They possess, however, other property, which produces a rent of 83,804 francs, 36 cents.
>
> There are 66 collegiate churches affected by the law, comprising altogether 650 canonries; so that there is an average of 10 canonries for each church, or about one for 6500 souls. These canonries have a net rent varying from 150 francs to 1800 francs. The smallest are in the province of Liguria, and the richest in those of Novara, Vercelli, and Turin.
>
> As to the simple benefices, the Commission has not yet been able to take possession of them, but they are calculated to number about 1700.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COLLEGES IN AUSTRIA.—The *Journal for Austrian Colleges* gives in its last number of 1856, a statistical survey of the Austrian colleges, from which we clip a few items concerning the religious character of these institutions. Austria has at present 290 colleges (gymnasia), of which 42 are Protestant. Among the latter there are no more than 8 which enjoy the privileges of State institutions, the others being as yet unable to comply with the conditions on which the Government makes an acknowledgment of the public character of an institution dependent. Seven of the Catholic colleges are under the management of Jesuits: Ragusa, Dalmatia; Freienberg, Feldkirch, Germany; Padua, Brescia, Cremona, and Vicenza, Italy. The general expectation is, that this number is very likely to be soon increased, as the Government intends to intrust to them also the College of Innspruck, and perhaps several others. In 265 colleges (over which the above-mentioned statistical survey extends) there are appointed 1530 clerical and 1511 lay professors. Of the Directors (Presidents) of the colleges, 180 are clergymen and 85 laymen. As regards the proportion of students to the aggregate population, it is, for the Israelites, 1 to 426; for the Evangelical Church of the Augsburg Confession (Lutherans), 1 to 433; for the Evangelical Church of the Helvetic Confession (Reformed), 1 to 620; for the Roman Catholics, 1 to 675; for the Greek Catholic Church, 1 to 1417; for the Orthodox Greek Church (which is not united with Rome), 1 to 1965. After leaving the college, 46 in every 100 study theology, 35 law, 12 medicine, and 7 philosophy. The Catholic colleges have great prerogatives over all the others. They can receive students of all denominations, while the provisions of the law permit Catholic students only in very rare cases to frequent Protestant schools.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

LIFE is a picnic, which would be all the more agreeable if we could only agree beforehand as to the share each of us was to take to the entertainment. As it is, for the want of a better understanding, a degree of insipid sameness often arises when, upon stock being taken of the company, it is found out that every one present has brought a calf's head!

REFORM.—In political as well as in all personal matters, the synonym for to-morrow.

MORBID PHILANTHROPY OF ADVERTISING.—Don't *beat* your carpets!

STRANGE MYSTERIES IN THIS WORLD.

JULIA (*a Belle*). Well, do you know, you *do* astonish me! On my word I took him to be a gentleman; for I'm sure you never meet him—not early in the morning even—but he has a pair of the most beautiful white kid gloves on!

AMELIA (*her facetious friend*). Why, you little simpleton, that fact is easily explained. *The fellow is a glove-cleaner!!!* They're not his gloves, but his customers'. Out of the thousands that are left with him, it would be hard indeed if he couldn't select a good pair! Why, Julia, your beau, dear, is only another kind of nurse—a man-nurse, I declare—who walks out with other people's kids to give them an airing!

SNIPPINGS AND CLIPPINGS.

A critic is always more feared than loved.

When you're beaten, fairly beaten, say it's treachery.

To believe that you are clever, when you are only spiteful, is a double deception.

Those who fancy that money can do every thing are generally prepared to do every thing for money.

Love and a good dinner are the only two things which effectually change the character of a man.

Too much pleasure and too much sun are bad both for women and flowers.

Experience is a flannel waistcoat that we do not think of putting on until after we have caught cold.

Poll mankind to-morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, "a knave or a fool?" the majority would be at least two to one in favor of the knaves!

A poor man once came to a miser and said, "I have a favor to ask." "So have I," said the miser; "grant mine first, then will I comply with thine." "Agreed." "My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

A Cockney conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

"My son," said a doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, Governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up into the heavens to find an answer, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Samplin & Father." The old gentleman was struck at the originality of the idea, but didn't adopt it.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very drunk, "Why, you appear to have emptied your *wine-cellar* into your *book-seller*."

The man who ate his dinner with a fork of a river has been attempting to spin a mountain-top.

A physician of an acrimonious disposition, and having a thorough hatred of lawyers, was in company with a barrister, and in the course of conversation reproached the profession of the latter with the use of phrases utterly unintelligible. "For example," said he, "I never could understand what you lawyers mean by docking an entail." "That is very likely," answered the lawyer, "but I will explain it to you; it is doing what you doctors never consent to—*suffering a recovery*."

Theodore Hook, when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologized by saying, "When one is alone, the bottle *does* come round so often." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, who, being asked on a similar occasion, "Have you finished all that port" (three bottles) "without assistance?" answered, "No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

The advice given by an Irishman to his English friend, on introducing him to a regular Tipperary row, was, "Wherever you see a head, hit it."

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "We raised them!"

Two Irishmen in crossing a field came in contact with a donkey who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked, "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowld."

"John Phœnix," *en route* for New Orleans, writes the following description of a stopping-place at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi:

"Cairo is a small hole at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, surrounded by an artificial bank to prevent inundation. There are here about thirteen inhabitants, but the population is estimated at three thousand, that being a rough estimate of the number of people that were once congregated there, when five trains arrived before a boat left for New Orleans. They were enjoying the luxury of small-pox at Cairo when we arrived; they are always up to something of the kind; a continued succession of amusements follow. The small-pox having terminated its engagement, the cholera makes its appearance, and is then followed by yellow fever for the season. Sweet spot! Dickens has immortalized it under the name of Eden, as an evident misnomer, for no man worth so much as Adam could remain there by any possibility."

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour, and to see the natives. One of them, one drizzly day, bet the other the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine that the first Pat they found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frieze coat and a piece of a hat, was trying to plow with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees. "Pat," said our friend. "Yes, yer honor," he replied. "If the devil were to come just now, which one of us three would he take?" "Sure he'd take me, yer honor." "But why, Pat?" "*Case he's sure of yer honors at any time!*"

"Pay me that two dollars you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney. "For what?" "For the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

Ludicrous incidents will sometimes interrupt even the solemnity of Sabbath services, and the *Methodist Protestant* vouches for the truth of the following anecdote:

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, and looking toward that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I don'no, sa, I spec it is dis here chile; but, indeed, sa, I has been a doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the speaker in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

An Irish lad complained the other day of the harsh treatment received from his father. "He treats me," said he, mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and mother."

They are fond of titles in the East. Among his many other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long *reign*.

"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw!"

"Don't say so—what is it?"

"A tree which never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows."

"Well that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"

"From California."

"What is the name of it?"

"Axletree! It once belonged to a California omnibus." Scene closes by Bob throwing an inkstand at half-closed door.

CANTO I.

I stood upon a hollow cone
Of solid transatlantic stone,
And gazed athwart the breezy skies,
When, lo! from yonder planisphere
A vapid atrabilious tear
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

CANTO II.

Adieu, Miasma! cried a voice
In which Aleppo might rejoice,
So penifocal were its tones;
Adieu, Miasma! think of me
Beyond the antinomian sea
Which covers my pellucid bones.

CANTO III.

Again, again my bark is tossed
Upon the raging holocaust
Of that acidulated sea;
And diapasons pouring down,
With lunar caustic join to drown
My transcendental epopee.

A prosy orator reproved Lord North for going to sleep during one of his speeches. "Pooh, pooh!" said the drowsy Premier, "the physician should never quarrel with the effect of his own medicine."

A new umbrella has been manufactured in Connecticut, called the "lending umbrella." It is made of brown paper and willow twigs, intended exclusively to accommodate a friend.

A tippler, who squinted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree. "It is very lucky for you," replied his friend, "for if your eyes had been matches your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

At one of the customary school examinations, an urchin was asked, "What is the use of bread?" to which he replied with an archness which implied what a simpleton you must be to ask such a question, "to spread butter upon."

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the boy, when he found it hid in the wood-pile, and wondered what it was.

Which five letters may form a sentence of forgiveness? I X Q S U.

Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Because it makes the *ear hear*.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?"

"Yes, Sir."

Stranger goes in, gets a drink, comes out and finds his horse missing. "Where is my horse, boy?"

"He's runn'd away, Sir."

"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?"

"No, Sir; you told me to keep my eye on him, and I did, till he got clear out of sight!"

A French horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was timid.

"Not at all," said he, "he often passes many nights by himself in the stable."

"Don't you like the wit of *Punch?*" said one person to another in the news-room yesterday, a file of the numbers of that world-renowned joker lying before them.

"*Punch, Punch*," said the other; "I am surfeited with his stale jokes—never could see any point in them."

"Oh, I see how it is," said the first speaker, "that you can not appreciate *Punch*—it is because you are *a Judy*."

The following toast complimentary to the "better half" of creation, was given at the Horticultural Festival at Boston:

The Ladies.—The love-plants of earth's garden, who twine their affectionate tendrils round man's nature, shielding him from the noxious blasts, rejoicing with him in the full-leafed summer of his prosperity, and clinging to him with unaltered love through the dreary winter of ruin and decay.

Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater!"

Why was Cowper always in debt?

Because he Oh'd for a lodge in some vast wilderness!

Sir David Baird, with great gallantry and humanity, had a queer temper. When news came to England that he was one of those poor prisoners in India who were tied back to back to fetter them, his mother exclaimed, "Heaven pity the man that's tied to my Davy!"

When Doctor H. and Lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life.*"

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," said John. "Very good. What is a tailor?" "One who makes tails." "Oh, you stupid fellow," said the dominie, biting his lips—"'a man who makes tails!'" "Yes, master," returned John; "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made, they would be all *jackets!*" "Sit down, John; you're an honor to your maternal parent."

General Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation. "Why, general?" "Because," replied Lee, "you are in love with yourself, and you have not a rival upon earth."

An Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh! not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

A gentleman asked a friend, in a somewhat knowing manner, "Pray, Sir, did you ever see a cat-fish?" "No," was the response, "but I've seen a rope walk."

"Oh, I met such a beautiful girl in the street to-day!" said a gentleman to a lady friend, to whom he was doing the agreeable not many evenings since; "she was dressed in deep mourning, I think I have never seen a sweeter face." "Who could it have been?" said the listener, smoothing down her bombazine dress, and glancing at the crape folds to see if they were properly adjusted; "pretty, you say? who could it have been! *I was not out!*"

"Do you know all the rocks in this harbor?" asked the master of a vessel of an Irish pilot. "Yes, your honor, and"—here the ship struck—"*there's one of them!*"

Realities are seldom the pleasantest parts of life. Hope, memory, and even enjoyments, are more than half imaginative. Every thing is mellowed by distance, and when we come too near, the hairy softness is lost, and the harsh lines of truth are offered to the eye. Half our sorrows are the breaking of different illusions. It never answers to look behind the scenes.

A very rich, but unsophisticated man, perfectly ignorant of banking, was called upon one day for an account, scarcely then due, but which the creditor asked his friend to pay him as a favor.

"I have not the money," said the other, "to-day. Come on Saturday, and I'll pay you with pleasure."

"Will you give me your note," asked the corn-factor, "as I want to use it to-day?"

After some explanation, the one drew a note which the other accepted. Of course, the drawer got it easily discounted. To his dismay, when it became due the farmer would not pay it. The factor rushed in despair to ask the meaning.

"I've paid the bill before," said the farmer.

When the other explained that it would not be liquidated till his acceptance had been paid, the old chap pondered for a minute, took out his money, handed over the amount, and then holding the receipted note in his hand, said to the other, musingly, "What the deuce was the good of my giving you this pesky bit of paper? I suppose it is all right, but I don't understand it!"

A farmer in the neighborhood of Binghamton, New York, wished to borrow a gun of his neighbor, for the purpose of killing some yellow birds in his field of wheat, eating up the grain. His neighbor declined to loan the gun, for he thought the birds useful. In order, however, to gratify his curiosity, he shot one of them, opened its crop, and found in it two hundred weevils, and but four grains of wheat, and in those four grains the weevils had burrowed! This was a most instructive lesson, and worth the life of the poor bird, valuable as it was.

Dr. Thompson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things—viz., the *slovenliness* of his person, and his dislike to *muffins*, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the Doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the Doctor, "take away the *ragamuffins!*"

A magician being entreated by a rash young friend to raise the devil, proceeded as follows:

He drew the mystic circle's bound,
With skull and cross bones fenced around!
He traced full many a sigil there;
He muttered many a backward prayer,
That sounded like a curse—
"He comes!" he cried, with wild grimace,
"The fellest of Apollyon's race!"
Then in his startled pupil's face,
He dashed an EMPTY PURSE!

A lawsuit was coming on in a back country town, and young "Spooney" engaged to subpœna the witnesses. The roads were almost impassable on account of the mud, and two of the witnesses living some three or four miles away, a bright idea struck his muddy pate, and forthwith was acted upon. He sat down and wrote each a letter, stating that a sum of money was deposited in his hands, which they could have by calling upon him. They called, and got a subpœna and twelve and a half cents each!

The newspapers in various parts of the country are publishing a story originated by the *Waterville* (New York) *Times*, detailing the discovery of a singular subterranean passage in the vicinity of that village, in which were also found a quantity of ancient blunderbusses, much-battered swords, iron saucepans and goblets, and a helmet of brass and iron, the front piece of which bore the following letters in Roman characters: D. L. O. S." A little trouble in transposing the mysterious characters would have shown our contemporaries that in publishing this story they have been "S. O. L. D."

On a San Francisco money lender:

"Here lies old thirty-five per cent,
The more he made the more he lent;
The more he got the more he craved;
The more he made the more he shaved;
Great God! can such a soul be saved?"

☞ The cut of the Old Brick Church, given in No. 19, was from a photograph by Meade Brothers. This acknowledgment was inadvertently omitted at the time.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, May* 25, 1857.

THE commercial movement of the week at this port was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending May 23, 1857	$2,723,745	$1,625,573
Corresponding week, 1856	3,280,535	1,608,969
Increase		$16,604
Decrease	$556,790	

The export of gold was small, in consequence of there being no steamer direct from this port during the week. The Boston steamer took over a million, most of which went from here; but the failure of the Collins steamers to keep up their line has disarranged the plans of shippers.

The value of money is about the same as last week, no sensible contraction having yet been attempted by the Banks. Nor, indeed, is it quite likely that they have yet needed to adopt precautionary measures; their stock of specie can hardly have fallen much below $12,000,000 yet. But June is expected to open on a hard market.

In Stocks, the only noticeable feature has been the negociation of the Michigan Southern preferred stock, which has been all awarded, and now sells at about 91 @ 92, a premium of 8 @ 10; the failure of the supposed "corner" in Cleveland and Toledo, and the sudden and rapid decline of Erie stock from 41 to 33 @ 32. Speculators are actively engaged in debating these several stocks, the advantage of money and energy being seemingly on the side of the Bears. The tendency of all railroad stocks for some months has been downward.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, May* 25, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were rather brisker and firmer for the leading commodities during the past week. Breadstuffs attracted considerable attention, chiefly from home dealers, and prices favored factors. Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 40 @ $6 80; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 40 @ $6 70; low to choice extra Western do. $6 70 @ $10 00; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 20 @ $9 75; superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 40 @ $8 50; low mixed to choice extra Southern, $7 25 @ $9 50; fine to superfine Rye Flour $3 85 @ $5 25; Corn Meal, $3 75 for Jersey, and $4 25 for Brandywine, per barrel. White Wheat, $1 70 @ $1 90; Red Wheat $1 42½ @ $1 67½; Mixed Corn, in store, 92 c.; Yellow Corn 93 @ 94 c.; White Corn 92 @ 96 c.; Northern Rye $1 02 @ $1 04; Western Oats 66 @ 70 c.; State Oats 62 @ 66 c.; Jersey Oats 59 @ 63 c.; and Barley $1 40 @ $1 60, per bushel. Cotton has been in better request at somewhat higher prices. Middling Uplands 14 c.; do. Gulfs 14¼ @ 14½ c., per pound. Provisions were in good demand, and were generally held with increased confidence. We now quote: Mess Pork $23 50 @ 23 65; Prime Pork $19 15 @ 19 25; Country Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 00; do. Prime do. $11 00 @ $12 00, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $31 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $24 00 per barrel; Bacon 11 @ 12½ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14¼ @ 14½ c.; New State Butter 20 @ 26 c.; Cheese 11 @ 12 c., per pound. Groceries were generally active and dearer. Brown Sugar, in hogsheads, 10 @ 12½ c. per pound. Cuba Muscovado Molasses 55 @ 63 c. per gallon. Hyson Tea 37½ @ 75 c.; Congou do. 32 @ 50 c., per pound; Rio Coffee 9¾ @ 11¾ c. per pound; Rice $4 25 @ $5 37½ per 100 pounds. In other articles a moderate business was transacted at about previous quotations.

Freights were gradually improving, with rather less competition for cargoes among shipowners, and more disposition to export produce. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 3d. @ 4d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 1s. per tierce; Rosin, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 15s. per ton. For other ports, proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Market was poorly supplied with Beeves, and as these were in brisk request, prices advanced. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were confined to 2743 Beeves, 375 Milch Cows, 1160 Veal Calves, 4257 Sheep and Lambs, and 4534 Swine, against 3158 Beeves, 401 Milch Cows, 1040 Veal Calves, 3302 Sheep and Lambs, and 2914 Swine, the preceding week. Illinois, New York, and Ohio furnished the bulk of the Beeves offered. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 11½ for the poorest to 15 c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 13 c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were less abundant, and were in good demand, chiefly at $25 00 @ $75 00 for very common to extra, each. Veal Calves were plenty and actively sought after, mainly at from 5 @ 7½ c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs were in better supply, yet they sold freely at full rates. Swine were abundant and heavy at 6 @ 6½ for live, and 8 @ 8½ for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market was more liberally supplied with new vegetables, and these were in lively request. No important change occurred in other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$4 00	@	$9 00
" Dried, State, per pound	11	@	13
" " Southern, per pound	10	@	12
Strawberries, per quart box	$1 00	@	$1 25
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	16	@	20
" " (unpeeled), per pound	10	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	75	@	$1 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel	$2 50	@	$5 00
" new, per barrel	$5 00	@	$7 50
" Sweet, per barrel	$6 00	@	$6 50
Onions, Red, per barrel	$3 75	@	$4 00
" Yellow, per barrel	$4 50	@	$5 00
" White, per barrel	$5 00	@	$6 00
" per 100 strings	$4 00	@	$4 50
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 50
Beets, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Turnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Cabbages, per 100	$5 00	@	$9 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$7 00	@	—
Maple Sugar, per pound	10	@	12½
Spinach, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 25
Lettuce, per hundred	$2 50	@	$3 50
" " dozen	37	@	50
Shallots, per 100 bunches	$3 00	@	$4 00
Rhubarb, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per barrel	$10 00	@	—
White Beans, per bushel	$1 75	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	18	@	23
" State, per pound	20	@	26
Cheese, State, per pound	11	@	12
Lard, per pound	14¼	@	14½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	16	@	16½
Fowls, per pound	15	@	20
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	20	@	28
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	20
Geese, per pound	10	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	$2 50	@	$2 75
English Snipe, per dozen	$3 25	@	$3 75
Yellow Leg Snipe, per dozen	$2 25	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	10	@	15
Mutton, per pound	10	@	14
Lamb, per pound	14	@	20
Veal, per pound	9	@	12
Pork, per pound	8	@	9

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